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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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HENRY D. THOREAU

On the March

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN: THE FIRST YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by VAN WYCK BROOKS, ALFRED KREYMBORG, LEWIS MUMFORD, and PAUL ROSENFELD. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by GORHAM B. MUNSON

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN is a difficult assignment for the critic. Here is an anthology of seventy-two writers—from Gertrude Stein who is utterly unconventional in her handling of words and phrases to J. Brooks Atkinson who is utterly in conformity with standard practice: one cannot—for lack of space—be specific among the diffuse variety of aims and degrees of accomplishment of so many poets, playwrights, essayists, and writers of fiction. It is necessary to be general and to grieve a little over the necessity.

To me, the purpose of the Editors is very similar to that which grew the harvest of little magazines of the last fifteen years. All magazines issue invitations to unknown authors, but the little magazines from *Others* and *The Little Review* down to *Secession* and *The Guardian* have been sincere in their offers. They have first of all been in dissent from the standards and practices of the established literary mediums and they have therefore welcomed those writers who, often for reasons other than lack of intrinsic value, have been unsuccessful in securing presentation. It is a matter of record that they gave first showing to such authors as Sherwood Anderson, Wallace Stevens, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Yvor Winters, Hart Crane, Ernest Hemingway, and many other risen or rising poets and prosemen. Yet the hour of the little magazines has waned, and one is weary of their ineffectuality.

The happy idea of the Editors of "The American Caravan" was to work out on a large scale this quest for worthy but rejected authors, to edit—not a twenty-four page leaflet with scarlet covers coming out when all hope for its reappearance had been abandoned—but a yearbook of eight hundred or more pages, capable of stowing away novelettes, plays, long poems, prose or verse sequences, and predisposed to harbor boldness of expression. So the

(*Continued on page 340*)

Thoreau, the Great Eccentric

By Henry Seidel Canby

SELECTING from seven thousand pages of the Journals of Henry Thoreau "the paragraphs and sentences in which Thoreau was most triumphantly himself," Professor Odell Shepard has hoped to bring to full fame and influence a great American writer. He has planned to popularize Thoreau. It is hopeless. Thoreau will never be popularized. Consecrated to simplicity of living and a love of simple men, indifferent to ease, hostile to wealth, Thoreau is nevertheless the most invincibly aristocratic of writers. He makes no concessions to humor (and that is his fault), administers no pap, asks for no man's applause, will not even call in the smooth devices of rhetoric to his aid. He is the exact and complete antithesis of the feature writer of the modern press. There must be a little of Thoreau in every ardent reader of Thoreau—some stubbornness of the mind that refuses to accept current values, some flux of the body toward nature which makes living more intense in the presence of the woods, the fields, the winds, some questions (as we used to say in more naïve days) ready to ask of the universe. To expect popularity for Thoreau is to expect it for the hermit thrush, for philosophy, for wild apples, for tramping the countryside at dawn. But respect, enthusiasm, even reverence—that is another story.

And this new book* (the successor to "The Heart of Emerson's Journals") will help to give this full-flavored American his due of reading, and his proper rating which, curiously, foreigners have been more willing to accord him than we ourselves. Pan, one might say in the words of earlier critics of Thoreau, may have his altar raised again.

* * *

But Pan is a false comparison. Thoreau, if there must be a classic analogy, is not the Pan but the Socrates of New England, as Emerson was its Delphic Oracle. The Concord pencil maker and the Athenian philosopher were fellow toilers in spirit if not in temperament. One questioned nature and the other man, but what makes a good life was the common purpose of their inquiries. I advance no foolish comparison of merit and influence. Indeed, as I shall point out later, there were fatal limitations set about Thoreau that make his work all the more interesting but his achievements less. He can claim no general influence upon a nation which still feeds its idealism upon the milk and water it made of Emerson's doctrines, but ran away from all that Thoreau believed in as fast as it ran from Whitman's democracy, as fast as Greece ran from Euripides, Rome from Virgil, England from Shakespeare's fulness of life.

Yet this cannot change our sober estimate that Thoreau is a mind to be reckoned with in every readjustment of human values. He is seminal. He is an authority in struggles of the spirit, a thinker and a personality who will always have disciples. Alcott said that he went to Emerson for his wine and to Thoreau for his venison. That is exactly right. The man made nourishment of locusts and wild honey. I can imagine no Parnassus on which this lanky, long-chinned American in his frayed corduroys will not somewhere be straying, seeing much, saying little, meditating upon asphodel, anemone, the mountain tops, friends, and the fruitfulness of life.

I do not refer to Thoreau's power over nature lovers. It is true that the man had a brain in each of his five senses. In a few sentences of description—the painted tortoise, grackles, the woodchuck, the canoe birch, the waters of Walden—he can transmit that thrill of escape into the larger rhythms of nature which, ever since the romantic movement began, has been food and drink to those sensitive to earth. Compare him with his disciple, Burroughs, an observer better informed, more accurate than Thoreau, and note how the imagination in Burroughs's essays is all borrowed from Thoreau and diluted. Subtract Thoreau from Burroughs and you get such quaint and interesting observations as Audubon made, no more. Set Thoreau by the nature sentimentalizing of our day and it is like placing Milton by Marie Corelli. The language is the same, and often the subject matter, everything else different.

Indeed Mr. Shepard is right in his Preface when he says that Thoreau was not a scientific naturalist, did not intend to be, and that he submerged his poetic faculty by an increasing tendency to observe and record as he grew older. But he is wrong in thinking that the cause was a change in purpose. The most popular, because the easiest, parts of Thoreau's works are his records of nature. They are the classic instances in English (with some of Hudson's) of a nice balance between sight and interpretation, nicely expressed in flawless prose. But Thoreau the nature man is only Thoreau in passing, Thoreau, so to speak, in the Preface, and it is the more he wished to get from nature and never finally extracted entire which gives these observations the touch of genius—as of something ungraspable because it is behind the veil—which makes them more than they seem and therefore what they are, not merely good description, but literature. You cannot generalize Thoreau in such a slogan as Back to Nature. He would have been the first to repudiate such a description, the first to be thankful that Boy Scouts and Nature Hikers do not use, or understand, him.

Nor can you generalize him as the incarnation of a contemplative life, and set that down as his chief study. His social philosophy is not negative, it is

*"The Heart of Thoreau's Journals." Edited by Odell Shepard. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $3.

This Week

"And So to Bed." Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*
"Marching with Sherman." Reviewed by *James Truslow Adams.*
"The Portrait of a Banker." Reviewed by *Edwin LeFevre.*
"Bismarck." Reviewed by *A. W. G. Randall.*
"The Lion and the Fox." Reviewed by *John Berdan.*
"Uncle Anghel." Reviewed by *Leon Feraru.*
"Cavour." Reviewed by *Walter S. Hayward.*
Granules from an Hourglass. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week

Christmas Book Number

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positive. "Walden" is no argument for withdrawal from active life, it is a document in values. Thoreau went to Walden Pond because he wanted to think certain thoughts, enjoy certain advantages, do certain things, which were hampered in a community where one had to live like one's neighbors. The escape to Walden was a triumphant protest against industrialism which says produce for the complex needs of civilization and you shall share some of the complexities. But what if I do not want varied food, extravagant clothes, excessive transportation, nervous excitement? You must want them, says industrialism, or you will not produce. Right, replies Thoreau, then I will cut the dilemma by reducing my material wants, and thus provide easily for my intellectual and esthetic being. My solution is Walden; what is yours?

And so it was not toward Walden that he would lead mankind at large, but away from false values in living. If he took what seems to the city dweller the desperate step of going back to nature, it was because he realized that compromise would never save modern man from his machinery and so took what was the way of no compromise for him, as a hunger strike or a revolution might have been for another. The early British Labor Movement, so I am informed by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson who took part in it, was nourished upon "Walden." The voters of the labor party, who were as urban, if not as cockney, as socialism, carried "Walden" in their pockets and knew it by heart. They were less far-seeing than Thoreau. New values in living were what they sought, as he did, but they could not escape from their machines. Better hours, higher wages, were all they asked for finally, and all they got.

Thus Thoreau's ideal was not a repetition of the monk's way, although it had many analogies. He desired not escape from physical and intellectual life, but opportunity to get what he wanted. These Journals make clear that it was not men, nor civilization, but what we now understand by industrialism, that he flouted.

There is no understanding Thoreau until you forget for a moment the frayed corduroys, the unsociable habits, the eccentricity of one who loved to wade neck deep in the swamps to surprise nature in her secrets, and realize that here was a man who, far from advocating some Oriental mysticism or emotional escape, was engaged upon the central problem of modern life—how to live a good life in an increasingly mechanical world. Of course, like all the Concord wise men, he was a little exalted, inclined to the esoteric, obsessed in his youth with conventional moral problems, which he soon got over. Even at twenty-four the moral element in his compositions offended him; "Strictly speaking, morality is unhealthy. Those undeserved joys which come uncalled . . . are they that sing." He got drunk, too, now and then on Emerson's orphic wine. Yet more simply and with less rhetoric than Carlyle, more sensibly and with less dependence upon the hypothetical pure soul in common men than Emerson, and far more directly than Ruskin, Thoreau met the problems that science and its industrialism has raised, and did not forget science in giving his answer.

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Emerson, the pure-souled, orphic Emerson, Emerson as worthy to be sainted as any of the fathers of the church, began it. From his first "Nature" onward, Emerson, bard and prophet though he was, steadily concerned himself with science. Eliminate the new scientific view of the universe from Emerson and he becomes a high-souled mystic, eloquent but depersonalized. It was the new geology, the new biology, the new chemistry which attached his radiant mind to earthly speculations. Without them he would have soared, like Alcott, into what seems to us vacuity, or been an eloquent voice chanting mysteries in the empyrean. We forget the science in Emerson because we know more of it than he did; we do not remember that his prime effort was to deduce from material facts a soul that would carry evolution beyond the terms of science.

Thoreau was also a child of the scientific age, and in this respect a foster child of Emerson. He was not, as has been so often said, Emerson's ideal man in actual experience. On the contrary, Waldo, who on the slightest provocation, rose into the blue, disapproved of Thoreau's obstinate clinging to trivial fact. His idea was to state the dilemma and then to transcend it, solving by poetry what logic and realism could not untangle. He looked a millenium ahead and may be right for the millenium; but Thoreau was content with a century. There are new thoughts in Emerson that are eternally true, but Thoreau was not only true but timely. He fits at the moment, today. Absorb Emerson as American idealists absorbed him, and he is emasculated in the process; but Thoreau has not yet been assimilated and probably never will be. You cannot follow Thoreau and remain the docile citizen adjusting ideals to circumstances. This does not make him a greater man than Emerson, but it does make inexplicable our neglect of his genius—a fault this new book may help to remedy.

Both men, and this has not been sufficiently recognized, had to generalize from sources which were not yet adequate. Both rested upon a science imperfect in nearly every department. In every one of Emerson's lectures and essays there is a point at which the science provided by Harvard College failed him, either because it had not gone far enough, or gone too far along paths which his metaphysics could readily criticize. At that point the scholar turned prophet, the teacher orator, the careful thinker a glowing optimist. The real power of Emerson resides in these flaming terminals of his patient thought, but we must too often say, not proven. Nature may be the other half of soul, but now that nature has been reduced to force, and force begins to approach a definition, we await further news before accepting a new metaphysics that will stretch beyond knowledge.

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Thoreau also suffered from the need to generalize upon a science still in its infancy, but he was more cautious, for he knew better than Emerson that there was more to know. He saw that man versus nature was the modern problem in its social as well as in its transcendental sense, and that already the control of nature, which Emerson worded so readily as a dominance of the physical by the spiritual, was quite as likely to tie man to his discoveries as to free him for transcendentalism. Hence his life work, as he said, was his Journal, which is essentially a record of experience. "A man must see before he can say. Statements are made but partially. A fact, truly and absolutely stated, is taken out of the region of commonsense, and acquires a mythological or universal significance. . . . As you *see*, so at length will you *say*. . . . At first blush, a man is not capable of reporting truth. To do that, he must be drenched and saturated with it." Thoreau's observations were imperfect, the facts that he generalized upon were scanty, his deductions partial, and seldom coördinated like Emerson's, but they were sound. He kept a balance between science and poetry, as modern philosophers do not, hitched his wagon to planets not stars, aimed short of Emerson, achieved less, but, I think, hit closer to the mark of the problem of the twentieth century.

In the light of these conclusions it may be possible to discuss more accurately Thoreau's excellences and shortcomings, to answer Mr. Shepard's objection that his obsession with science dragged him down, to explain why there is so much wisdom in Thoreau, and yet so little finished thinking, so much left to be dug out by the like-minded, so much literature and so few masterpieces of literary form.

Thoreau was a New Englander. That was his strength, but also his weakness. "The glorious sandy banks far and near, caving and sliding—far sandy slopes, the forts of the land, where you see the naked flesh of New England, her garment being blown aside like that of the priests when they ascend to the altar. Seen through this November sky, these sands are dear to me, worth all the gold of California, suggesting Pactolus. . . . Dear to me to lie in, this sand; fit to preserve the bones of a race for thousands of years to come. And this is my home, my native soil; and I am a New Englander." It was seldom that he allowed himself such eloquence.

Concord 1840-1860 was as civilized a spot as the world could show, if high thinking makes civilization, but it was not normal, not typical of the new industrial civilization. Thoreau, with his love of music, had to be content with the singing of the telegraph wires, and if the adjacent Harvard library and Boston book shops were well provided, yet personal contacts with minds not bred in Concord were rare—a limitation for a philosopher intent upon the conditions of the good life not lightly to be overlooked. And the backdoor of New England was always open. Escape to nature was too easy.

When he wished to evade the conventionalities of an education designed for theologians, and a community life organized for production and trade, his ready resource, like many another American's, was the wilderness, which lay across Spalding's lot only a field or two away. Emerson went there to commune with the spirit of the universe, but Thoreau to study. Nature was his science. He had no laboratory, no instruments, no data of sociology, no training therein, no means of using his senses, upon whose sharpening he based his hopes of progress, except in his own New England woods. New England was his laboratory, and because he was a youth who inhabited his body "with inexpressible satisfaction," and because his senses, as so commonly with Americans, enriched themselves not with towns which were poor, or gardens which were ragged, but in the woods, in wild nature, easy of access, liberalizing, free to all, the natural history of New England became the happy testing ground where he could study facts and deduce from them. He was content with nature.

But nature thus approached yields more art than science. The laborious repetitions in the complete Journals, birds, flowers, insects noted again and again in order of the seasons, which Mr. Shepard believes to be a sign of growing weakness in the man, are his struggles to know more with an imperfect instrument and a too limited field. He had enough for descriptions that tremble with the inner reality, he had enough to begin his philosophy, but he needed more science than rural New England could give him, a broader, deeper, more accurate science, in order to go on. Because he was self-dependent, had to be self-dependent in these matters, he wasted time on observations that led nowhere.

It was well enough to shut the outer eye in an Emersonian rapture and soar upon intuitions, but Thoreau wanted more facts, and if these Journals, read one way, are the record of metaphysical perceptions, read another they are as much an inquiry into the facts of nature as Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle"—a different inquiry of course for Thoreau was untrained and his purpose was to discover not so much the nature of life, as how to live, yet an instructive parallel. The author of "Civil Obedience" and of the social philosophy of "Walden" wished to know the rules, the conditions, the aims of living. But his tastes and circumstances held him back from the world of men, and the microscope and the scrutiny of birds and flowers narrowed his field to "details, not wholes nor the shadow of the whole" even of his beloved nature. The result of his ardent observing was at the most that he could "count some parts, and say, 'I know'."

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Nevertheless, Thoreau, if not the first philosopher to realize that in an age of scientific industrialism man must be interpreted in the light of science, was the first to accept the conditions of hard, plodding labor in observation which that implies. He was determined to work out a true relation between philosophy and a good and possible life. And if he had to go to Walden and the woods in order to find one, at least it was a life he got and not merely an escape. And if he solved only one equation of many, at least no urban thinker will be able to tell us how to live a good life without knowing men in industrialism as well as Thoreau knew pine trees, lakes, and birds.

And no first-rate mind has tackled Thoreau's problem since he left it. The first-rate minds have been busy with science as an end in itself. They have pushed on so fast that the philosophers have lost pace with them. Only journalists, like H. G. Wells, sweep up the new facts of a year and make a brilliant synthesis of living, good until new observations arrive. Perhaps they are right to get on with their investigations, but one begins to long for a scientific holiday, as some English bishop has recently said, and a Thoreau to turn researches, still barren beyond the plane of comfort, into principles good for a good life. For if Thoreau were young again today, he would still have to begin by going back to Walden.

Science has always bored the literary man, which is one reason why men of letters are less influential now than in any other civilized century. The critics feel that Thoreau's obsession with nature as science was a weakness in his literary career. This floundering and bogging on the outer edges of great discoveries which were never quite discovered, is what keeps readers from his Journals, and reputation from his few good books. Had he thrown his notebooks into Walden Pond, and cleared his mind of chipmunks, canoe birches, sphagnum moss, snowbirds, and Indi-

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ans; or rather, had he used them all as modern nature writers do, and made short stories of his eternal nature, what charming books he would have written in his later years, for the man had a genius for expression, and a prose style as good as the century produced.

It is true that we lost another Burroughs in Thoreau, and that the call of the wild would have sounded louder and earlier if Thoreau had been just a romanticist instead of a romantic philosopher. But the man was bigger than that. The nature writing of twenty-five years ago is already tame. It will scarcely draw a man out of his backyard, while Thoreau's books are still disturbing. They are books that have not yet reached their level and disposed of their potency. They are like the New Testament, the stories of Voltaire, the Notebooks of Samuel Butler.

And like all by-products of a strong and controlled imagination, like the soliloquies in Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw's Prefaces, and Wordworth's lyrical bursts, the essays and fragments on Nature with a capital N in Thoreau, are priceless. When he feels "blessed" and loves his life in a clear, warm November, when he sees Monadnock over winter hilltops, when he watches the venerable nighthawk upon her nest, plucks wild apples, is enamored of a scrub oak, or walks fluvially through the cool reaches of the Musketaquid, then his written words, as he himself desired, make a tent of sound in which the imagination dwells in a reality beautiful because of its depths of truth. Reading him, many are led to the country who need not guess where his steps would ultimately lead them. Perhaps only a mind bent upon solving the whole duty of man could make such golden profits of his unsuccess.

* * *

For of course Thoreau failed in his main purpose, which was to erect a philosophy, not to become a man of letters. He never became a good scientist, not even a good naturalist. He was constantly thwarted by the weakness of his method, which piled up observations that duplicated and seldom cohered. He was misled by the romantic obsessions of his age with the wild and counted upon learning too much from nature's simple plan. And as he grew older, and the difficulty of fitting all that he knew and guessed into some luminous synthesis became greater and greater, he spent more and more of his energies on merely looking and noting. It was a means of safety for an introspective mind that would not indulge in dreaming. This is the reason for the untidiness of his published works. Only a few straight trails blazed their way through to daylight—civil obedience and what it should consist of, the simple life and how to attain it, mass desires and how to escape them, love of the woods.

He saw that the conquest of nature which would free man from oppression within and without depended upon more poetry than the scientists possessed and more science than either he or Emerson could muster. But he did not escape the barrenness with which he charged science and the impotence of which he accused poetry.

No one, to be sure, has succeeded where he did not succeed, and no one will until an equal mind, with an equal devotion, shall work out under better auspices the relationship of the novelties of science to the destinies of man. He left ideas not a system, paragraphs rather than essays, a need of reading with an eager interest, not the irresistible persuasion of sure and completed literary art. Thoreau cannot readily be taught, does not fit in reading lists except by passages wrenched from their context; he can never be popular. And yet he is an American gift to civilization, like maize or tobacco. There are seeds in him still ungerminated. He will be still growing in many an intellect when New England is once again a deer forest beyond its towns, and automobiles, radio, and the other toys of industrialism no longer delude us with the sensation of a full and perfect life. Our backdoors will not then open like those of Concord on the fields and we shall have to seek other escapes than nature from the problems of the mechanical life. But if we do not go back to the woods, we are likely to go back more and more to Thoreau, who will be justified in the next age if not in this one. He is an eccentric with a centre in the future as well as in the past.

"Besides being one of the best-known of modern Swiss novelist," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "Mr. John Knittel, who has been visiting London, is also the Swiss golf champion and an expert sheep-farmer."

The Play of the Week

By Oliver M. Sayler

AND SO TO BED: A Comedy in Three Acts. By J. B. Fagan. Produced by the author for Lee Shubert at the Shubert Theatre, New York, November 9, 1927. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed from Performance and Published Manuscript

FEW forms of oral literature are more beholden to the visual and auditory media of the theatre than comedy. A joke read is a joke dead compared with the pungent vitality and direct appeal of its effective delivery or enactment on a stage. Concomitant grimace, gesture, and by-play, vocal modulation, the tempo of the exposition and of the *dénoûement*, the simultaneous development of several threads—all these three-dimensional factors surpass in expressive power the single-voiced, one-dimensional medium of printed narrative. I can think of no form of humor of which this is not true, unless it be that type of word-play which is dependent on ambiguous spelling. Surely it is incontestable in the more robust and physical phases of comedy.

A notable instance of the expansive power of the theatre in the case of comedy is at hand in J. B. Fagan's "And So to Bed," a pert, sly, and unctuous attempt, in the vein of Sir Harry Johnston's "The Gay Dombeys," to carry the bluff, audacious, and courtly life of Samuel Pepys, Esq. a few days beyond the formal conclusion of his famous Diary. No history here, no serious addenda to Pepysiana. "It is all imaginary," says the author. "I think I may claim to have drawn Pepys's portrait faithfully from his own revelation, and that there is little he says or does in my comedy which could not be paralleled in the pages of the Diary. . . . I happened to catch him as the amorous rogue on an afternoon that was all comedy."

However faithful or false Fagan has been to the Pepys of history and of literary tradition need not bother the casual playgoer. In dialogue and situation that are flavored boldly but never preciously with the outspoken punctilio of Restoration England, he has given full-bodied and plausible life not only to Pepys himself but also to his jealous and volatile wife; to the flashy fascinations of Charles II; to the singer and mistress of the King, Mrs. Knight; and to the minor courtiers of the British Navy's godfather.

The dependence of comedy on oral and visual embodiment in the theatre is attested in an examination of the stageworthiness of "And So to Bed" as contrasted with this authentic literary foundation. Leisurely establishing its characteristic atmosphere, the first act finally affords Pepys an outlet for his strutting, spluttering ill-temper when his wife objects to his bohemian guests. His nonchalant escape from her suspicion when she catches him kissing the maid Lettice during a music lesson and his taciturn endurance of her protracted scolding as he prepares for his rendezvous with Mrs. Knight are situations equally replete with visual values, while the snatches of music on theorbo and lute throb with a vital spark impossible for the names of those forgotten instruments to summon from the printed page.

It is the second act, however, that must be seen and heard rather than read. Or seen, heard, and read, if you will. From Pepys's covert scrutiny in the mirror of Mrs. Knight, donning his gift of green stockings, on through his concealment in the marriage chest at the approach of the king and all the ludicrous contretemps and mishaps involved thereby when his wife storms into the apartment, this portion of the play might almost be enacted as pantomime. The essentially dramatic texture of Fagan's story, its intrinsic values as oral literature, persist through the last act with Pepys's return to his tipsy guests, the mutual cross-questioning of husband and wife, now arrogant, now tearful, and then reconciliation—until the next time—as the night watchman's cry rings through the streets, "Past twelve o' the clock and a fine windy morning!" And so——.

Aside from concrete and specific oral and visual spurs to the imagination, the enactment of comedy in a theatre permits, even challenges, fugitive implications of a general nature that rise with difficulty, if at all, from print. Easily the most provocative innuendo of Fagan's play, thus articulated by the theatre, is the deadly parallel between Samuel Pepys, Esq., and George W. Babbitt, of ours. From a careful reading of the published manuscript I gain no hint of this satiric import. Either the author intended no such allusion and fate played him a canny trick or he very shrewdly buried in his own stage direction the seeds of such an interpretation which the alert sensibilities of Wallace Eddinger nursed into antic life. I am not even sure that either Fagan or Eddinger has consciously traced this parallel. Perhaps it is a conception gratuitously bestowed on the play by the spectator. Whatever its source, though, I am sure it is one of the aspects of the comedy most likely to commend it to American audiences.

* * *

Pepys the Babbitt of his day! And why not? The same hale fellow well met. The same Puritanical morality for the rest of the world, himself excepted. The same sure faculty for landing like a cat on his feet. Witness Pepys's suave recovery at the close of the second act after his discomfiture by the king. And the same passion for public service. Who but the Babbitt of the seventeenth century would have dared address the king on the state of his navy in his mistress's boudoir? There has been some critical complaint of Eddinger's characterization as being too American. Haven't we here a brilliantly legitimate excuse for its being so?

The significance of this deadly parallel is all in Pepys's favor. If he was the Babbitt of his day, at least he was a cultured Babbitt, a gentleman of parts. The object of the satire, I take it, is Babbitt rather than his early progenitor.

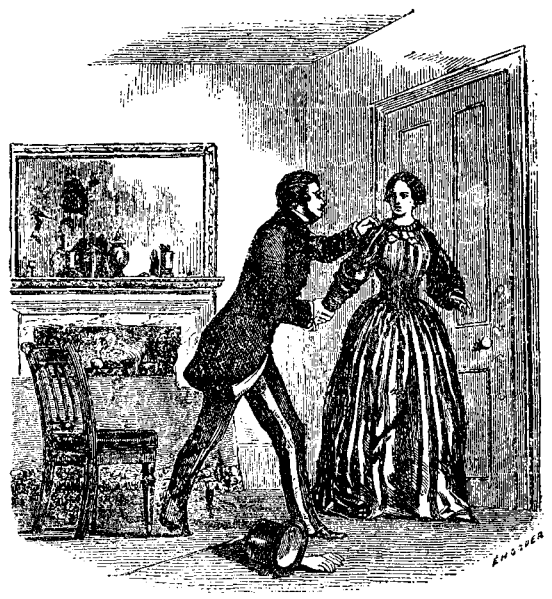
"And So to Bed" is wrought with no mean technical skill. As a picture of British life of another day, it might be pocketed inadvertently with the late well-meaning but ineffectual "Pickwick." Where that comedy was indecisive and undramatic, however, Fagan's play is instinct with drama. He deserves great credit for inventing interesting and original details for a situation broadly reminiscent of the screen scene in "The School for Scandal" and Falstaff's clothes hamper. The lighting of the production as well as the atmosphere of the stage settings is neither better nor worse than the average British practice—which is far from good enough according to our standards.

(*Mr. Sayler will review next week the Theatre Guild's Production of Bernard Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma."*)

To have Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald confessing (says the *Manchester Guardian*), on the very same day, the one to a lifelong love of poetry and romance, the other to the actual writing and publication, under a pseudonym, of "poetry that might astonish you," would probably have been regarded as an example of downright political decadence by Richard Cobden, who once roundly declared that the man who courted the romantic muse was unfitted for public life. But Cobden himself as a young man wrote a play called "The Phrenologist," which was refused by the manager of Covent Garden, and left another comedy in manuscript, which Morley dutifully read, and coldly dismissed as "entirely without quality."

[A reduced page from]

LESS EMINENT VICTORIANS.



XXXV.

There was a young Woman of Hessle
Whose husband commanded a vessel:
The terrible strain
Had affected his brain,
And he wanted to teach her to wrestle.

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For comment on the above illustration, see The Phœnix Nest, on page 360

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With Sherman to the Sea

MARCHING WITH SHERMAN: Passages from The Letters and Campaign Diaries of Henry Hitchcock. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by James Truslow Adams

THIS is an extremely interesting first-hand account by an intelligent and observing officer, thirty-five years old, who was a member of General Sherman's staff on the famous march to the sea through the heart of the Confederacy in 1864. That march left behind it burning hatred as well as burning homes and perhaps about no other campaign of the Civil War has ethical controversy raged more bitterly on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line. Hitchcock's Diary and letters, from which this book is wholly drawn, do much to clarify both the events and the motives of Sherman's march, and are first-class historical material. The author had a distinguished career in law and politics before as well as after the war. He was accustomed to weighing evidence, judicial in temper, tender in feeling, and a thorough gentleman. All of the papers here included were written without thought of publication and solely for personal and family use. From every standpoint they are excellent evidence.

Hitchcock was in constant and close personal contact with Sherman, and records many conversations held with him about important topics and also many which he overheard the General having with Southern whites and negroes all along the line of march. The aide was an eminently humane man and was greatly troubled throughout the campaign by the problem of destruction of enemy property. His own heart-searchings on this topic, his conversations with Sherman about it, and his observation of the all too frequent examples, form, probably, the most important body of testimony in the volume. Hitchcock's own point of view altered somewhat as the weeks passed. He began to realize that war is war, that a humane solution was a speedy solution, and that ruthless destruction of the enemy's essential property tended to that end. Yet his humanity constantly revolted. The problem itself is an exceedingly interesting one ethically. It was raised, of course, in a much exaggerated form by the Germans in the last war, and is by no means of easy solution. Owing to our increased sensitiveness to suffering on the one hand, and the advance in scientific knowledge on the other, it is one which is likely to continue to arise in more and more acute form. It is not wholly unakin to a similar problem in medicine and surgery. Should the resources of modern science be utilized to prolong a suffering and hopeless life? In order to prevent prolonged suffering should we shut our eyes to the pain we inflict at the moment? Should we be seemingly *inhumane* for the moment in order to be really humane in the long run? In other words, is our distaste for inflicting *any* pain really humanity or cowardice? As we rear in a sheltered society more and more unfit whom nature would quickly throw aside; as we become more and more able to prolong by hours, months, or years, tortured and broken lives, this problem will become more and more pressing an ethical one in peace as well as war. To a philosophic reader, this becomes the most insistent implication of this book.

* * *

As to Sherman himself, Hitchcock believed that he honestly was trying to destroy only such property as might directly serve the Confederacy as war material. Of his own innate humanity there was no doubt. Of the correctness of his military orders there was no doubt, as there also was none that over and over again he attempted to save property which had been set on fire accidentally or wantonly. Nevertheless, his aide seemed to detect an increasing lack of real effort to prevent the inevitable and innumerable "stragglers" from inflicting wanton injury, and this may have indicated a real change of fundamental policy on the part of the general. Of the deliberate intent to destroy Columbia, however, he must be fully acquitted. Hitchcock's observations on the spot and his candid narrative of that event confirm the opinion and testimony of others. All the evidence bears out his statement that it was burned "expressly against orders, and in spite of the utmost effort on our part to save it."

There are many interesting sidelights throughout the diary and letters on the state of feeling throughout the South, and the rapid breakdown of morale. Many examples are given of people of strong Union sentiments living on the line of march. Almost without exception the women at all the houses said that their husbands had gone into the army unwillingly, which is interesting testimony, whatever interpretation we put upon their statements. There is also much that is illuminating as to negro sentiment and their rather surprising immunity to Southern propaganda, considering how ignorant they are supposed generally to have been. Here and there we get vignettes, sharply etched in, of what war means to individuals, as in the case of the millionaire Whitfield, who abandoned his plantation, "Shady Dale," on the line of march, a few hours before the army reached it, attempting to carry off his mules and slaves, but unsuccessfully, as most of the latter ran from him and joined "the Yanks in high glee." Now and then a house goes up in flames. Now and again, a woman appeals to an officer to protect her or her property from the ruffians of whom the Union ranks held all too many. If anyone cares to see what war means, even among our people, here at home, he can read it vividly set forth in these pages.

Mr. Howe has performed his duties as editor extremely well. There are just enough footnotes, and just the right ones. His Introduction, written with sympathy and distinction, is a model of what such an Introduction should be. In reading it one realizes anew that there is added value as well as charm to work done by one who is a gentleman as well as scholar.

On the March

(*Continued from page 337*)

first question that naturally occurs is, have the Editors found new writers of interest? The answer is, yes.

The volume is well stocked with writers (such as Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, William Ellery Leonard, Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, etc.) whose former works have received copious attention, and so they may pardonably be passed over here. Lesser known authors are plentiful; Phelps Putnam contributes a very fine ballad; Allen Tate an accomplished elegy; Hart Crane a gorgeous passage descriptive of mystical thoughts and feelings attributed to Christopher Columbus on his voyage; Isidor Schneider gives a very long poem, an inversion of the church martyr story, for this time it is the village atheist who suffers persecution, is stoned to death and canonized, a poem showing considerable resourcefulness in technique, a fresh sensibility, and a reflective mind of quality. But these are examples only to indicate that there are riches in this book; they are not the precise quarry the Editors have stimulated us to hunt down.

In Josephine Strongin and John Riordan—to cite only two—we do discover quite new writers who are exciting and for whom our thanks go to Messrs. Kreymborg, Rosenfeld, Brooks, and Mumford. Miss Strongin has never been published before, and though there is a danger of vague emotional rhetoric in her vocabulary and of a pantheistic diffusion of identity in her feeling, at present she is safe and almost rare: naïvely she sings of how it feels to be a human being, containing in one's self the natural order of things but transcending it with other and human notes. Mr. Riordan has had one or two fragments printed in *The Little Review* which showed chiefly that he was very sensitive to words. His short story in "The American Caravan" promises more. The behavior of three youths out for a gay time at a beach resort is swiftly patterned, and implies the very simple statements that Mr. Riordan can make about life. The merit of the story, however, is not its simplicity of statement but the sureness with which the writer has refrained from saying anything he did not know about life but only fancied he knew.

But there are harder questions after this simple one of judging whether or not potentially important writers have been found. Current American letters is widely on view here, and what is our general feeling about its quality and direction? One can say and prove that in point of skill at any rate our current production is greatly improving. There is a great deal of trim competence, as witness Edmund Wilson's "Galahad" and Malcolm Cowley's "Biography;" young writers in 1927 begin with troubling about treatment whereas in 1917 it was generally felt that technique came unconsciously and the thing was simply to have something to say. But more clear than this is the lack of any common object for writing. Some of the contributors in "The American Caravan" are engaged principally in reacting against the American environment, the prolongation of the rebellious mood of the last decade; others such as Paul Green are bent on annexing hitherto unconquered territory within our geographical confines but still outside our national library; others still are cultivating the camera state of mind ("realism" and "naturalism"), only unfortunately they are selective cameras operating without a creative principle, the stricture Katharine Mansfield passed on her own work; again there are the esthetes staking all upon the potency of design and thereby substituting means for end, and the out-and-out self-expressionists soliloquizing to themselves but waiving privacy. But there is no common pole star, clear and yet remote, by which this unwieldy assemblage can guide itself.

In other words, the immediate future of American literature looks very much like the past and present of any other contemporary literature. There are local differences, but it is on the same level. It is not inferior in skill and resourcefulness, but equally it lacks elevation of thought and feeling. It is commendable to quest for new writers, but is it not now time to search for new ideals?

Valentine's Manual

IN THE GOLDEN NINETIES. By Henry Collins Brown. Hastings-on-Hudson: Valentine's Manual. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

READERS of the revived "Valentine's Manual" which has been appearing for the past eleven years will recognize in "In the Golden Nineties" the latest issue in that series. The book, like its predecessors, is an entertaining volume, full of allusion that for the middle-aged will be pregnant with memories and for the more youthful will have the charm of quaintness. This rapidly changing New York of ours passes through its mutations so quickly that a few decades are sufficient to alter the physical appearance of the city and to make customs appear antiquated.

Where indeed are the snows of yesteryear? Where are the Eden Musée with its automatic chess player which was no other than one of the champions of the day hidden within a cumbrous framework, where are the hansom cabs that prowled up and down Fifth Avenue, the mansions that lined that fashionable thoroughfare below the Park, the hordes of garment workers who blocked its lower reaches, the reservoir that cut its length with its solid bulk? Gone with the bicycle, the trailing gowns of the women, the horror at short skirts and unchaperoned parties, with trolley riding for pleasure, with Turkish corners, and burnt wood picture frames, and Bradley Martin balls, and Harry Lehr monkey dinners, and the excitement they provoked. Gone with the stage favorites of the day, Maude Adams and Ada Rehan, Kyrle Bellew and Sidney Drew, with the songs that swept the country, "Ben Bolt," "Say Au Revoir," "Strike up the band, here comes a sailor," with restaurants like Churchill's and Shanley's, with sleigh-bells and horsecars and coaching parties.

Mr. Brown has copiously illustrated "In the Golden Nineties." Pictures and text together furnish a lively and panoramic survey of a period that still dwells in the memory of many, that to some has already become "the good old times," and to others seems amusingly old-fashioned. To all, this portrayal of it should prove interesting.

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An Elusive Personality

THE PORTRAIT OF A BANKER, JAMES STILLMAN, 1850-1918. By ANNA ROBESON BURR. New York: Duffield & Company. 1927.

Reviewed by EDWIN LEFEVRE

MRS. BURR has written an interesting book about an interesting man. That she has failed to produce a great portrait is as much the fault of her "method" as of an excess of industry. One cannot see the forest for the trees. "A biographer must weigh the evidence of those who liked the man and those who didn't," she says, but in her dramatization of an interesting career, she never utilizes the evidence of those who didn't. She is honest in cataloging the sitter's defects, but you get statements of fact and not pictures. She admits that "such a book as this is a mosaic of small facts, observations, and occurrences;" but she calls it "a portrait and not an historical painting, which accounts for a certain sketchiness of background in dealing with the financial developments of the 'nineties." In a painted portrait nothing is so dangerous as an excess of accessories, but in the so-called written portraits growth must necessarily be shown. One expects a series of portraits of the same man at different periods. Mrs. Burr does not show a James Stillman in these papers; one does not even see the two Stillmans that his friends declared existed synchronously. One gets snapshots of at least a dozen. An historian who turns novelist, or a novelist who attempts history, should be concerned with background in order to obtain atmosphere as well as to fix the psychology of the sitter. It is not necessary to paint the shadows blacker than they are, nor to over-emphasize the high lights. Neither is there any need to copy the modern manner. Froude did a very good job with his "Caesar" and one understands the Roman the better for knowing Rome.

That James Stillman was an elusive personality, that he had subtleties and inconsistencies that made him difficult to classify is admitted by all who knew him. His intimates were as much puzzled as utter strangers. The author of this book has had access to all manner of documents as well as to memories of friends and relatives. She assures us that her statements of facts have come from authoritative sources; but her unfamiliarity with Wall Street matters makes her incapable of grasping the reasons why such a man as Stillman did many things for which he was blamed or praised. He wasn't made by his environment, he was too unusual a man. But undue stressing of the humanized banker in his last or Paris period prevents the reader from grasping the tragedy of his life as a whole. That is the string on which the author should have strung the differently colored beads of his three score and eight years.

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"There is a certain pathos," says the author, "when we find a man of middle age and many millions remarking 'I have never in all my life done anything I wanted and cannot now'." That is true; but there is no pathos in the life of a man who for forty-five years did what he most desired to do. Like all other men, rich or poor, including creative artists, he doubtless wished to do several things at once and being strong-willed, he did that which he most wanted to do at the time. Years later, having had his way with No. 1, he lamented not having gone after No. 2. From this to believing that what he had really wanted always was No. 2 was an easy mistake to make. We all make it. There was never the compulsion of economic need, or family tradition, or a strong bent for something else in Stillman's case. Therefore not the pathos but the tragedy of that life should be emphasized: the tragedy of a man who all the time knew better and nevertheless yielded to the urge that made him the head of the richest bank in America. In later years when he concentrated on the things that he had always liked second best he sought to express himself in terms of beauty. He always had a strongly developed esthetic sense. The Stillman No. 2, of Paris, was a wiser man than the New York banker. The tragedy was that he did not realize it earlier. He paid the price but one would never know it from Mrs. Burr's book.

In an analysis of the reason for the unpopularity of so useful a man the author might have found shadows that would have made the portrait not only more striking, but truer. A man's relatives and friends are not Cromwells to insist upon the painting of the warts. Mrs. Burr says for example, that the City Bank was "sharply criticized" for identifying itself with the copper merger. Later she asserts that "the Amalgamated Copper whirlwind blew itself out in time and was forgotten. As a speculative stock it had great vogue, but that has no interest for these pages since it had none for James Stillman who probably looked at the ticker less than any man on the Street," and she compares the Amalgamated deal with the Consolidated Gas merger. It was worse than a crime, it was a blunder for Mrs. Burr, a novelist, not to have sought light on the darkest episode of James Stillman's banking career. He had ideals which taciturn though he was, he imparted to those who cared to listen. That being the case, why did this fabulously rich banker, this proud and fastidious man, consent to lend his name and the prestige of his bank, which should have been as the breath of his nostrils, to so disreputable a job as that promotion? To a novelist the drama of Stillman's connection with what he must have hated as an honest man and as a great and high-minded banker, should have been the big chapter. This masterful personality, accustomed to dominating, indeed a domineering man, did what he could not conceivably have done of his own volition. Who cracked the whip, William Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers? What was the quid and pro quo, if any? Was it the weakness of affection for friends, the desire of gain, or the business attitude towards expediency that obtained his consent? Mrs. Burr might have learned the truth for she had access to sources of information that no other writer ever has had.

* * *

In no unfriendly spirit I say that I always thought Mr. Stillman's taciturnity and exaggerated self-control were largely a pose, a deliberately acquired habit. He must have realized the social unwisdom of his passion for having his way and I suspect he preferred to be thought utterly passionless rather than intensely selfish. The unpopularity was bitter to swallow. If he was "the victim of a legend" as claimed, it was a legend largely of his own making. It certainly was encouraged by him in his life time. Mr. Otto H. Kahn once told me that Mr. Stillman had admitted as much to him, asserting that in an industrial democracy like ours the wisest thing for a rich man to do was not to make himself conspicuous by his actions and that no banker's head should rise above the level of the hats of the mob. If Stillman found safety in developing the protective coloring of inconspicuousness he paid the price. Dazzling financial success came to him hand in hand with the distrust that so many felt for the inscrutable individual. The Sphinx pays for being a sphinx by having no followers. No man craves to die gloriously for a riddle. Had Stillman been able to let himself go emotionally, if he had evaluated love and affection at the normal rate and had cultivated a few amiable weaknesses, he would have been the greatest American banker of all time. The Wall Street Stillman had associates but not friends, allies but not pals, customers but not blind followers.

But I remember a smile on Stillman's face. It was after he had entered into his last or Paris phase. He had returned to New York to help, during the panic of 1907. I saw him late one night after he had been in conference with Mr. Morgan and other bankers for hours. It was the first time to my knowledge that James Stillman had been working heart and soul entirely and exclusively for the benefit of his fellowmen rather than for his bank's stockholders. He and I had never been on especially cordial terms, but that trying night he smiled as he shook hands—the smile of Stillman No. 2, of a man with a heart as well as a brain at last at work for others! He had begun to see the light—too late to give him that position in the public esteem which he might easily have won had he not listened to the wrong Stillman in his youth.

In the crisis during which Mr. Stillman subordinated everything to the common good and followed Mr. Morgan, it struck me that had Stillman been a human being like Frederic Tappen in the Bryan panic, he would have been the leader during that crisis instead of the follower. Even if one may not quarrel with Mrs. Burr for the heroic rôle she assigns to Stillman and the less heroic part played by Mr. Morgan in her pages, it is well to remember that in the hour of need the community logically turned for help to a leader and not to a Sphinx. Only James Stillman intent on achieving success kept James Stillman from the supreme command in 1907. Mrs. Burr makes her readers work too hard to get the picture she should have given them, of the success and the failures, the glory and the tragedy of Stillman's life. She succeeds in showing how fascinating a personality was James Stillman and there are enough anecdotes and interesting stories to insure all the "human interest" anybody could ask. Nevertheless one is tormented by a feeling that a great opportunity was not adequately exploited.

Bismarck the Man

BISMARCK. By EMIL LUDWIG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE biographical works of Emil Ludwig are *œuvres de vulgarisation* in the best sense. Without adding anything essentially new—although he has used the most up-to-date authorities—he has already given excellent full-length portraits of Goethe, Napoleon, and the ex-Kaiser. His book on the last-named deserves to be called the most successful example of the Strachey tradition of biography so far produced in Germany. Without essential falsification, for the correction subsequently administered by Sir Rennell Rodd regarding Sir Morell Mackenzie dealt with only a detail, the writer contrived to present the drama and the fundamental psychological problem of the Emperor Wilhelm's life in the most readable fashion, holding us through his five acts, often spellbound, often amused by comic relief, but always with our attention on the underlying struggle against physical and psychological fate, until the tragic dénoûement on the frontiers of Holland was reached. Sufficient was said in this biography to make us realize that Bismarck was really the hero most to the writer's liking, and in the early years of the German Republic, we recall, Herr Ludwig actually produced a play, "Die Entlassung," which, on the basis of newly-published documents, presented the drama called by *Punch* the "dropping of the pilot," so frankly in favor of the Iron Chancellor that its public performance was forbidden by the Censor.

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Here, in this large volume, he has been able to give the whole play of which his drama was only the closing scene. He has particularly concentrated on Bismarck's early life, to which most biographers have devoted only a few pages. Here he finds the elements of his psychology—his strong *Rittergefuhl*, self-assertive even against monarchy, his intense antipathy to liberal ideas—this a cause of his dislike for his mother, a circumstance in which at least the Chancellor's life resembled that of the Emperor Wilhelm II; his concentrated masculinity, shown in his enormous appetite (a hundred and fifty oysters at one sitting is recorded *inter alia*) and his prowess in duelling; his profound attachment to the soil, the life of the squire, from which a higher mission was so long to detain him, but to which he was eventually to return; his aversion for the military mind—how this comes out at the time of the Franco-German war; his determination to rise above the petty official to a place of power. With these qualities, so to speak, as his weapons, he entered on his long struggle, the stages in which are described by Herr Ludwig with extraordinary vividness and yet, often, with careful quotation. As a whole the volume does not reach the tragic force of "Wilhelm Hohenzollern," the subject does not lend itself to such regular dramatic treatment. But all the tragedy there is, the personal pathos contrasting with the outward completeness of success—this is well exploited.

As a human portrait of Bismarck, adding much to our conception of his political greatness, this book will stand long. Its practical effect should be to destroy the militarist-cum-Machiavelli idea of Bismarck which was at least prevalent until after the war, and at the same time enhance the foresight, prudence, and political wisdom of the statesman to whose mind problems such as Germany had to face in 1914 were continually present, and from whose judgments Germany today, or even Europe as a whole, could draw beneficial advice.

Princess Juliana (says *John O'London's Weekly*), heiress to the throne of the Netherlands, has written, at the age of nineteen, a play based on the old fairy story of "Bluebeard," who is represented as a psychoanalyst!

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A Shakespeare Hunt

THE LION AND THE FOX: The Rôle of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN BERDAN
Yale University

THE whole subject of the study of English literature is in a strange condition, somewhat here in America, but especially in England. There, literature, regarded as worthy intellectual effort, was practically confined to a knowledge of the classics; the universities stressed classical acquirement, and a knowledge of Horace was essential to a gentleman. Knowledge of English literature, on the other hand, since it was written in the mother tongue, was assumed a birthright and the study of it relegated in many instances to the dilettante and the antiquarian. Even today the English tripos is not popularly regarded in the same light as that of the humanities. Consequently, while a work dealing with Virgil, for instance, would be expected to be the result of years of scholarly research, a work dealing with Shakespeare is dismissed with the dubious epithet "inspirational," and whereas a writer on a classic author is expected to adapt his theory to the facts, in too many cases in English the facts are selected and stressed to conform to a previously determined theory.

Such are the obvious meditations inspired by a reading of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "The Lion and the Fox," which purports to present new interpretations of Shakespearean characters and to "hunt in the mind of Shakespeare, as exhibited in his plays, for the two symbolical animals, the lion and the fox, used by Machiavelli in the composition of his perfect human being." For this he divides the work into an introduction and nine parts, Tudor England and Renaissance Italy, Machiavelli, Shakespeare and the King or Hero, Shakespeare and the Agent-principle, The Colossi of the Third Period, The Two Knights, Thersites and Apemantus, Renan's "Caliban" and Chapman's "Duke of Byron," and an appendix, Shakespeare and Race. He meets us with an engaging frankness. The study of the historical background, 111 pages, has "no pretension to be anything but a rough sketch," a "brief, unvarnished collection of notes. Much the same point of view is acknowledged in the body of the book. He does not pretend to be a specialist." Where we can be of use to the specialist, perhaps, is by bringing, largely by contact with the plays, as an innocent student, direct registrations that might from the region of experience bring confirmation of what the specialist may claim to have found in analysis and research. I don't know much about the subject, he says in effect, but here goes: you may find something interesting in my reactions.

Under these circumstances detailed criticism is useless. Since all his knowledge is confessedly second-hand, Froude and Rogers being his authorities, it is enough merely to state that he has read rapidly for striking statements, and, however true they may have been in the original contexts, they combine here to give a false impression. The sixteenth century was an age of transition; that is both its fascination and its danger. What is true for one decade is untrue for the next, what is true for Edward must be questioned in Mary's reign, and again in Elizabeth's. Therefore to illustrate by Edward III's "king's peace"—Edward died in 1377—is scarcely helpful to understand the situation two hundred years later. I have a little book published by "A Citizen of Ohio" in 1844. He put up at a leading New York Hotel on Broadway, where he was robbed to the tune of a dollar and half per day for a room and three meals on the American plan. Quite naturally he raised his wail of protest. I do not question his facts and I do sympathize with his rural indignation, but I do not recommend his little book as a guide to the price levels of modern New York. Yet the book appeared only eighty-three years ago. So, with apologies to Mr. Wyndham Lewis, I cannot but feel that the social condition of England under Elizabeth must remain in the hands of specialists.

Although it is not his intention "to consider in any detail the doctrine of Machiavelli" he devotes fifty-five pages to it, apparently without having read Machiavelli. Here the same situation confronts the reader, namely that Mr. Wyndham is misled by his ignorance of Renaissance Italy. It must be remembered that those absurd bloodless wars, waged by mercenaries, were between governments, and did not very much affect the peoples themselves. It was a minor matter whether the merchant in Urbino paid his taxes to a Montefeltro or a Borgia. It was a queer intellectual game, like chess. Machiavelli did not invent it; with surprising acuteness he merely laid down the rules by which one might win. That is "Il Principe." A worse illustration than Frederick the Great, therefore, it is hard to imagine! In any case, the subject is irrelevant since—unless Shakespeare read Italian, and I am not prepared to deny that he did—the first appearance of the "Prince" in English is twenty-seven years after Shakespeare's death. It is quite true that the northern nations, ignorant of Italian conditions, were horrified at his treatment of war as an intellectual pastime, so horrified that in English his last name as an adjective connotes underhand intrigue and his first name in contraction may perhaps have become synonymous with the Devil. Naturally there are innumerable allusions to Machiavelli in the whole body of the Elizabethan drama, but curiously enough very rarely in Shakespeare. In all probability the name was then used, as it is now, by persons having only the vaguest idea either who Machiavelli, the man, was, or exactly what he thought.

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With this most nebulous background we are now prepared to pass "from the mind of Machiavelli to the mind of Shakespeare." So far as the life of Shakespeare is concerned, the seventy documents relating to him and to his family are given in Tucker Brooke's little handbook "Shakespeare of Stratford," a work that no student of Shakespeare can afford to be without. The results of any investigation of the "mind" of Shakespeare must square with the known facts. The most sensational of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's hypotheses is that Shakespeare was a pervert. This is supported by the twentieth sonnet printed *in extenso*. It may be worth while to state emphatically that in the sixteenth century the copyright belonged to the publisher, not the author. In 1609 appeared the "Sonnets" with Shakespeare's name on the title page, printed by a piratical publisher. Exactly ten years before a similar publication had appeared, equally with Shakespeare's name on the title page. In that there were twenty poems, only five of which are by Shakespeare. Consequently in discussing the later publication, we do not know the order of the sonnets—the second edition reprints them in quite a different order—and we do not even know whether Shakespeare wrote them all. Clearly he wrote some of them, because otherwise you are forced to posit another poet at that time with the supreme gift of self-expression. But before citing any of the doubtful sonnets, it becomes necessary to prove Shakespeare's authorship. Mr. Wyndham Lewis seems to sense this; so he bolsters his case with a discussion of Marlowe! He proves John a thief by showing that Jim probably stole. But he does not show any relation between John and Jim.

When one turns to the plays, it becomes obvious that the form of the art is necessarily objective. The whole subject matter of the play may not have been the poet's choice; it may have been dictated to him as was traditionally the case with the "Merry Wives," or forced on him by competition with other companies as was probably the case with the "Troilus," in competition with Dekker and Chettle's "The Iron Age," or "Henry VIII," perhaps in competition with Rowley's "When You See, You Know Me." Any particular speech may have been dictated by theatrical effect, by the demand of a particular actor, or because the writer felt that it was consonant with the part, quite irrespective of his own point of view. There is one general caution. The speeches were composed to be heard, not read, and any writer who over-charged his speeches wasted his effort in futile endeavor.

The Wyndham Lewis aim seems to be to show, in the various Shakespearean characters, the combination of the lion and the fox. The antithesis between the strength of the lion and the cunning of the fox was not a brilliant new conception even in Machiavelli's age. Today it seems a trifle worn. Perhaps that is why he feels it necessary to use so refined a vocabulary. To express this great thought he calls upon six or seven languages. On one page, I find *heiduques, condottiere, raffiné, bengel*-like, *corps-student. Techne, tyche, hubris, ricos hombres* testify to his culture. He shows his independence by rising above mere capitals, "miltonic," "elizabethan," etc., and still more by incorporating everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath. We discuss with him the attractive manners of the "thonga kings" and read long extracts from the "Golden Bough." Defoe and Cervantes each have chapters devoted to them, and Frederick the Great and Napoleon. It may be safely described as an extraordinary book. As a "hunt in the mind of Shakespeare" its success may be doubtful; as a hunt in the mind of Mr. Wyndham Lewis it surpasses all expectations.

A Grim Tale

UNCLE ANGHEL. By PANAIT ISTRATI. Translated from the French by MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEON FERARU

UNCLE ANGHEL and "The Death of Uncle Anghel" are two outstanding tales in Panait Istrati's "Adrien Zograffi" cycle. Deep rooted in the humble, whence he himself springs, the author shows a profound knowledge of the characters and surroundings he is describing,—and of life. Misery has taught him, as well as his heroes, to ponder over the eternal problem of existence. Does not Uncle Anghel teach that "thought is strong as death"?

Uncle Anghel had married the most beautiful girl in the village and in his shop he sold the best wines. He had everything aplenty. Life appeared gloriously before his naïve gaze. But the girl he fell in love with and blindly married, revealed herself as a very stupid wife and a very neglectful mother. And one by one, his riches, his family, his friends, are gone. He takes to drinking to forget his sorrows. There remain only his carcass, poisoned with liquor, and his thought.

Upon this grim background Panait Istrati depicts not only the overwhelming individual, Anghel, into whom he breathes the soul of an innocent sinner, but also the life of an entire community in one of the Rumanian villages. Customs, superstitions, carousals, family tragedies, all accurate and enhanced by the general color of the narration, unroll themselves in crudely realistic fashion.

❧ ❧ ❧

Panait Istrati's gift of telling a story has been compared with that of the Oriental craftsmen. But there are no Arabian Nights scenes in "Uncle Anghel" and "The Death of Uncle Anghel." We find, on the contrary, soberly described actions of an humble, though grandiose hero, very logical and much alive. It is the exactness of the personage that strikes one, and persists in one's mind indefinitely. Here Istrati's method consists of projecting the artistically true figure of Uncle Anghel upon a canvas of authentic scenes. The district of Braila might never have seen an Uncle Anghel within its borders, yet the summing up of probabilities and conditions yields this striking victim of many misfortunes, who is rightly compared to Job.

Uncle Anghel is closely related to Balzac's characters. If the measure of great art is the creation of fictitious beings who compete in accurateness with those in the realm of life, Uncle Anghel establishes Panait Istrati as one of the masters of contemporary fiction.

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As for "Cosma," it does not come up to the high standard set by the two preceding tales of this volume. All of the incidents in this haiduc story are drawn more from the imagination of the author than from legendary lore. Cosma is shown on an altogether artificial background, and the sketch is obviously affected. Yet the charm of Panait Istrati's story-telling takes one along the trail of these lovers of liberty and death, until the very last lines are drunk with delight.

Although written originally in French, each of these chapters in the series of "Adrien Zograffi" is closely akin to Rumanian life, letters, and language. Panait Istrati has himself translated "Uncle Anghel" into Rumanian,—and it is a recreation. Rendered into English, all quoted Rumanian words should be spelled either according to the Rumanian orthography or to the nearest English transcription of Rumanian sounds. There are no acute accents in Rumanian.

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A Dramatic Biography

CAVOUR. By MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE. Translated by I. F. D. and M. M. Morrow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD

THIS is a book about a diplomat written by a diplomat, for the author, Maurice Paléologue, was formerly French Ambassador at St. Petersburg. From almost every page one obtains the impression that diplomacy is an esoteric art to be appreciated and comprehended to best advantage from the inside. It is safe to say that only a diplomat could understand so well the devious, although undoubtedly efficacious, methods in which secret agents, beautiful women, and conversational subtleties played so large a part.

It is in delineation of character and motives that M. Paléologue is at his best. He has made the book into a species of drama where the principal rôles are played by Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon III, and Garibaldi. The emphasis is on the actors rather than on the scenery. There is, for example, the "Re Galantuomo" with "his little grey eyes looking out from his big face, his enormous moustaches sweeping upwards to form a great crescent, his squat shoulders and corpulence, and his fierce mien." Cavour has his troubles with Victor Emmanuel. Under the king's noble exterior was an essentially rough and vulgar nature, in strong contrast to that of his highly cultivated minister, and only the common goal of a unified Italy and a mutual recognition of each other's qualities, kept them together.

To look at the familiar portrait of Cavour used as frontispiece in this volume, to observe that brachycephalic, non-Italian countenance, those "quick little ferret's eyes," and the bristly, stubbly beard, one wonders at the attraction he possessed for women. Cavour was always a "great lover." To youthful gallantries succeeded his *grande passion* for the beautiful Marchioness Giustiniani, the lady whom he deserted but who loved so well that she could write on her deathbed to her former lover: "When I have been initiated into the secrets of the grave, then, perhaps (I shudder to think of it!) I shall have forgotten you." Looking further at the picture, one notes the broad forehead, the square chin, the sensitive but firm mouth, and understands how ambition conquered love, and how enthusiasm for a cause, coupled with inordinate vitality, made this man the "architect" of Europe.

Cavour, like other great men, rarely drifted. He had a definite goal. If one method of attaining this goal were blocked, he chose another. Even Napoleon III, the Sphinx of Europe, was powerless in his skilled hands. But a goal will not serve without the personal attributes necessary to reach it. Garibaldi had this same urge to unify Italy, and he would fling himself at it in a frenzy of enthusiasm, counting life well lost in such a cause. Cavour, however, moved more cautiously, counting the cost in each case, giving up the lesser gain to obtain the greater, and ultimately won. While he might despise plotting, procrastination, and "red herrings" as much as Garibaldi, he complied with the necessities of his situation. Nor can the reader, who sees how the story came out, blame him. He selected Napoleon III as the instrument to free Italy, and he worked toward this end unceasingly. He chose as secret agents Conneau, Napoleon's trusted half-Piedmontese physician; Mme. Cornu, daughter of a retainer of Queen Hortense; Dr. Bixio, born Piedmontese and naturalized Frenchman and, lastly, the Countess Castiglione whom he sent to the Emperor to obtain information by the same means that Louise de Keroualle had employed with Charles II. Old tricks, but they worked. This book shows how.

Above all the plotting, however, is the conviction by Cavour that he was working with Fate, against the old order, and with the new. As he himself said, "Society is moving fast toward democracy. . . . Is this for good or evil? I do not know. But in my opinion, it is the inevitable goal of humanity."

The book does not compete with the standard two-volume biography of Cavour, by William Roscoe Thayer. One might continue further and say that it is not preëminently a book for the historian. The so-called "apparatus of scholarship" is absent. There are no footnotes chasing the text from page to page. There is also to be discerned between the lines the admiration of an apprentice for a master of the craft. But those who like Guedalla and Maurois will like this book also.

The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hourglass

IN the enchanting little castellated town of Semur—a town so strongly fortified that one suspects there was originally some fifteenth-century irony in the motte they painted over their portcullis: *The people of Semur have much pleasure in making the acquaintance of strangers*—there is an odd little curio shop that calls itself a *Bric à Brac*. The proprietor is a humorist, he displays the authentic jawbone of the ass that Samson used among other attractions in the window; and in his little announcement he pokes fun at the other antiquaries of the town. This is his little merriment:

Dans ce Capharnaüm, se trouve: tout ce que le mauvais goût de plusieurs générations de Brocanteurs peut accumuler d'audace ridicule et d'insolente ignorance du Beau. Aussi ce n'est qu'un pauvre Bric à Brac et non un Antiquaire. Neanmoins, malgré ce mauvis goût et cette ignorance du Beau, les malins y découvrent q. q. fois des Occasions.

* * *

Beyond those ranges of the Côte d'Or, which look so like the Alleghanies, the old Clos de Vougeot monastery stands solitary like an island in a sea of vines. I had imagined that the fount and origin of one of the earth's most famous vintages would be a place humming with activity. But though the vines are there, the actual wine-making is now done elsewhere, and the old press-room with its huge medieval appliances is dusty and dry. An elderly Norman woman, incredibly loquacious in a singsong patois, delighted to talk about her native Cherbourg, acts as caretaker and is vigorously explanatory about the glories of the old building. It has been shamelessly restored within, evidently at grotesque expense. There is a dusty irony in the inscription on a little gravestone that stands among the rustling vines—

Ci-gît
LÉONCE BOCQUET
1839-1913
Il restaura le chateau
Du Clos de Vougeot
Priez pour lui

He needs our prayers; for a fine old interior was gilded and gimcracked and furbished into a sorry absurdity. Here indeed is what the shrewd bricabracker of Semur would call an insolent ignorance of beauty.

Outwardly, however, this mysterious old house is impressive, and gives its just thrill to the respectful pilgrim of the grape. A solitary man with a horse was plowing between the whispering rows of vines. The old presses, with beams and levers as huge as the cranks of an old Cunarder, have not been tampered with. In that September sunshine, after a dubious summer, the year's vintage lay in the balance. If the warm weather continued, the harvest of 1927 might yet be of fine quality, though only of moderate quantity. Loves and laughters and purple possibilities of the innumerable future seemed tremulous in the breezy ripple of the fields. A bush of pale roses was growing by the vineyard wall.

* * *

The village of Vosne-Romanée—home of the Romany Stain—was asleep in the afternoon glow. Here also we were surprised. Somehow I had prefigured a trellised bistro where the Caliph and I could taste a little young Romany in its native furrow: but the only estaminet was a hot indoor groggery emphasizing Bière des Grands Ducs, which did not seem part of the picture. We strolled about, peeping through boarded gates into walled gardens. A few men were working waist-deep in the rows of vines; great piles of grape-roots lay about the village, evidently for faggots.

It was just as well (one of the tragedies of life, I suppose, is that things so often are just as well) that we did not investigate the Beer of the Grand Dukes, for the hospitality of the Maison Chauvenet was waiting for us at Nuits. Every wine-lover knows the name of Chauvenet, which of course is not a vintage but a firm of wine-wholesalers. To put it in terms intelligible to bookmen, Chauvenet is the Baker and Taylor of Burgundy. I can wish you no better fortune than to arrive at Nuits-St.-Georges on a warm afternoon, thirsty with strolling and thinking, and be welcomed by M. Giboulot. And after a few beakers of St. Georges Tête de Cuvée, or Clos de Tart, or Pouilly-Fuissé, I think you will find yourself talking French better than you ever did before.

In Chauvenet's cellars we saw more than a million bottles of wine—cellars ranged in two tiers, with pebbles underfoot to absorb excessive moisture. The temperature in those dark aisles of bottle-racks is about 50 degrees. In any business it is always the stock-room that interests me most, the place where the actual vendible merchandise is stored; and as we tottered in an ecstasy among the glassware, inhaling that deep, cool, groggy flavor, I could not help comparing this with the big stock-room of a large publishing house. The serious difference seems to be that in the wine business there are no "plugs"—no old stock left over unsalable. In the great Chauvenet *caves*, for instance, there is not a single bottle of any 1915 vintage still for sale. The oldest year they still have on offer is 1919. Lucky the publisher who could say the same of his printings.

* * *

M. Giboulot's card says that he is Fondé de Pouvoirs de la Maison F. Chauvenet, which I take to mean that he is the managerial or executive chief of the present staff—there are no longer any Chauvenets actively concerned in the business. As such, he speaks with authority, and I think I must quote textually from a charming letter which he afterward wrote me:

Je regrette toutefois que vous soyez resté si peu de temps car en dehors de la visite des caves, incontestablement intéréssante, les vignobles par leur variété retiennent l'attention et cela vous aurait donné l'occasion de voir avec quels soins et souvent quelles difficultés les vignerons s'efforcent de cultiver le sol pour en tirer les merveilleux vins que vous connaissez.

Il faut espérer que vos compatroites se rendront compte un jour de l'erreur qui consiste à interdire toute boisson: comment peut on être gai et aimer à vivre sans boire de temps à autre quelques bonnes bouteilles d'excellents bourgognes?

La récolte actuelle qui s'annonçait merveilleusement bien vers le quinze Aôut a été légérement compromise par suite des pluies abondantes qui sont intervenues depuis: heureusement les dégats ne sont pas graves et le beau temps qui a fait suite aux intempéries laisse espérer que la récolte sera de bonna qualité: toutefois la quantité ne sera pas trés grande et il est à craindre que les prix restent assez élevés.

* * *

It is good to be able to say that the wine business in Burgundy shows every sign of prosperity. I have often remarked to myself the interesting fact that some of the oldest traces of humanity's existence on this planet are found in the region of Bordeaux which is also a great wine country. Which shows that primitive man was not such a fool. Men and grapes very likely came into the world together, destined playmates. There was of course a certain melancholy in seeing a million bottles of wine very few of which one would ever meet in personal consummation. And yet even there one did not despair, for Mr. Giboulot pointed out with pride a very large shipment of several thousand cases which was being packed to go off to the Canadian Government. The boxes were stencilled to the Quebec Liquor Commission, Montreal; they were to leave Marseilles in September—they must be there by now.

There's a new tasting room at Chauvenet's, with a fine tall marble table. That is where the buyers come to do their official degustation before placing their orders. The table is very high because the buyers drink standing up. It makes it easier to get away, when they have to. It's not always easy to get up from a chair, on a warm Burgundian afternoon.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"In Emil Ludwig's brilliant biography of Bismarck (says the *Manchester Guardian*) a great deal is said of the capacity of the man of blood and iron to consume 150 oysters at a sitting, to drink all his guests under the table, and to swallow a whole bottle at a draught. Yet men of Britain may take credit to themselves that on one occasion they laid the German low, or at any rate brought him farther from the perpendicular than is the Tower of Pisa. It happened on a visit to England. A huge tankard of old ale was set before him, and he was challenged to maintain the reputation of his country for beer-drinking. Nothing loth, Bismarck accepted, seized the tankard, and never took it from his lips until the last drop had been drained. But when he got to London Bridge the potent old ale was making itself felt, and Bismarck had to sit down in one of the recesses and rest until he 'saw life steadily'."

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Books of Special Interest

Modern Plays

MORE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY MODERN AUTHORS. Edited by HELEN LOUISE COHEN. Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $2.25.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

IT is an interesting group of authors that Miss Cohen brings together in this, her second collection of modern one-act plays. Some of them are dramatists of established reputation, and the plays selected representative of their best work, as O'Neill's gripping "Where the Cross Is Made," out of which he made his long play "Gold," but which in the one-act form remains the superior piece of work. Never shall I forget my theatre thrill on witnessing the first performance of this play at the Provincetown in those days when O'Neill began to thrown his bombshells, as he still continues to do, to the demolition of Broadway dramatic temples. Here is "The Dear Departed," by Stanley Houghton, but printed without the customary note of obligation to Maupassant for idea. Time will always credit the best user of an idea as the father of it, and certainly in this satirical comedy of middle-class avarice Houghton shows himself the same trenchant writer as in "Hindle Wakes." From Paul Green's twenty-five or odd short plays the selection is made of "The Last of the Lowries," a play of the Croatan outlaws of North Carolina, somewhat reminiscent, as Miss Cohen recognizes, of Synge's "Riders to the Sea," yet nevertheless wholly of Green himself in poetic mood, rhythm of speech, and tragic dénoûement. Green is undoubtedly one of the strongest and most valuable new writers for the American stage, and the awarding to him this year of the Pulitzer Prize for "In Abraham's Bosom" was a happy bit of discrimination on the part of the judges.

These three plays have the touch of masterpieces. Not so much can be said of the selections from other well-known dramatists. From Harold Brighouse comes a dramatic *pastiche* portraying Charles Lamb on the night of the failure of his comedy, wherein the speeches are culled from Lamb's writings. A. A. Milne contributes "The Artist," wherein the whimsicality is rather too flippant to be delightful. In collaboration with Lloyd Osborne, Austin Strong writes a period play of Louis XV and the American Jesuit missionaries, effective theatrically, but of no significance. Dan Totheroh writes "Pearls" especially for this volume, but without the sincerity or imagination of his "Wild Birds." From Christopher Morley comes an amusing comedy called "Good Theatre," depicting the plight of Shakespeare and Bacon should they appear on Broadway today, wherein Elizabethan blank verse jostles box-office jargon. From the new school of Scottish playwrights, the Scottish National Theatre Society founded in 1921, and already with goodly accomplishments to their credit, is selected "The Change House," by John Branbane, one of the most popular plays in their repertory, an historical tragedy well written from a romantic standpoint, but in no sense dealing with Scottish life from a convincing *genre* conception, as do the best writers of the Irish school, which these Scottish Players have evidently taken as inspiration. And in regard to the Irish school, it is regrettable that it is omitted from Miss Cohen's collection. A short play from Sean O'Casey would have been stimulating.

It is in the inclusion of plays by writers distinguished in other fields than drama, however, that Miss Cohen widens our outlook, and points the interest of this collection. Here is a play by Robert Frost. The dramatic elements in Frost's poetry, his dry characterization, his use of dialogue, his stark manner of telling a story have always seemed to make inevitable his slipping over into the dramatic form. In using that form, if this play is indicative, as doubtless it is, he remains the psychologist for whom the idiom of realism is but handmaid to his analysis. Hence, in the dialogue the curious mixture of literary speech with New England dialect. The locale, the characterization of Asa Gorrill, the hermit and miser, is of the soil, but the action, the struggle between Asa and the stranger who seeks shelter with him from the pursuit of the law for the commission of a crime, is pure psychology, the study of dual personality, the struggle between, not what is good and bad in Asa, but between his stronger and weaker qualities. Will Asa's in-keeping traits, his unsocial qualities as hermit, dominate his out-going traits, which plead with him to go out to meet life even to the extent of compliance in a crime? Many times this short play can be read before it yields the depth of its conception. It is arresting, provocative, and adumbrates Frost as a dramatist with something final and revelatory to say. Out of his powers he ought to write a "Peer Gynt" of New England.

John Erskine also as a dramatist has something to say. Not setting his dramaturgic sails close to the winds of realism as does Robert Frost, but in "Hearts Enduring" using the mood and lyricism of the Middle Ages, he portrays eternal man and woman in their opposition of interests, the one loving beauty, the other life. He calls his little play a miniature drama, and indeed it is so short that it will take but a few moments to the acting, but it is interesting as illustrative, as Professor Erskine meant it to be, of his dramatic ideals of economy of method. In addition, it is beautiful poetic prose. Beautifully written also, and of high theatre value is Hartley Burr Alexander's "Carved Woman," taken from his volume "Manito Masks." Mr. Alexander is well known as an Amerind ethnologist, and it is to be expected that he should be awake to the inspiration that lies in the Indian myths for the American dramatist, but not so expected that he should himself be that dramatist.

Miss Cohen has in this volume again proved herself the discriminating and able editor. Not all of the plays are of equal value, but all are entertaining reading, and any one of them may be included with advantage in little theatre repertories. To facilitate either the study of the plays, or enlightened production, she prefaces each play with a critical essay on the author, and follows it by a bibliography of his, or her works. Designs for stage settings are included, done by the art classes of the Washington Irving High School, some of them most effective in suggestion, as that for "Carved Woman."

Buddha

FURTHER DIALOGUES OF THE BUDDHA. Translated from the Pāli of the Majjihima Nikāya, [Middling Collection]. By LORD CHALMERS. Oxford University Press. 2 vols.

Reviewed by ALBERT J. EDMUNDS

THERE is now no excuse for ignorance of Buddha. We know more about him than we do about Christ. In the ninety-first dialogue of this Middling Collection (called so after the middling length of the sermons) we read how Buddha looked when he walked or sat, how beautiful were his teeth, how he never crossed his knees, and how he sat in silence after a meal.

The Middling Collection is a world-classic. It was translated into Chinese in A. D. 397; and it is one of the greatest studies in sacred literature to compare the 152 dialogues of the Pāli with the 222 of the Chinese. This was done in 1908, by Professor Anesaki, of the University of Tokyō. He found that ninety-eight dialogues were common to the two sectarian recensions, but that many not in this Collection in Chinese were found in other parts of the Canon in the Pāli. Several dialogues now translated by Chalmers appeared in *The Open Court* of Chicago, when Paul Carus was editor. The chief of these are Nos. 86 and 123 ("The Penitent Robber" and "The Marvels at Buddha's Birth"). Both are reprinted in "Buddhist and Christian Gospels." The next step in Buddhist scholarship will be to publish the ninety-eight dialogues common to Pāli and Chinese, with notes upon textual differences. The Germans will probably do this, but why not we?

Besides the human interest and the historical interest, there is a vast fund of other-world interest. Only Swedenborg and certain modern automatic writers have so many data to compare. Thus, in the 79th dialogue, Buddha declares that he has personal knowledge of luminous spirits, because he has seen them. An amusing case of men's passionate attachment to him is found in Dialogue 89, where the King of Kosala tells an anecdote about two royal carriage-builders who, when on a campaign, slept with their heads towards the place where Buddha then was, and their feet toward the king! "Those men owed me all that they had!" said Pasenadi; but he had a sense of humor, so, instead of cutting their heads off, he made inquiries about Buddha. These ended in his paying him a visit, standing in his presence as before a superior and declaring that, in his forty years reign, he had never seen such quiet and well-behaved subjects as the brotherhood of the Buddha.

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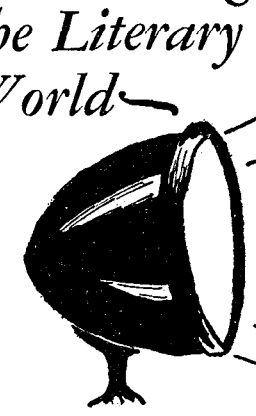

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Books of Special Interest

How Peace Has Fared

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT THE PEACE. By ALCIDE EBRAY. Translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
University of Chicago

THIS book was originally published in Italy in 1924 under the title "La Paix Malpropre (Versailles): Pour la Réconciliation par la Vérité," was promptly translated into German, and is now offered, with some additions, in an excellent English version. Its importance derives not so much from its substance, which is in no way new, as from the fact that its author, a former French diplomatist of conservative leanings, is about the last person who might be expected to write a reasoned protest against the peace treaties of 1919-1920. Hitherto only the advanced Left parties in France had dared challenge the thesis of Versailles, and as their arguments were largely regarded as coined for party purposes, they got little hearing outside of party followings. It is at least significant when a politician of the opposite school adopts the same reasoning.

M. Ebray exhibits all the intellectual honesty of the best French tradition. The average Frenchman, he points out, believes that the war was premeditated and begun by Germany; Germany was defeated on the field of battle; therefore she must pay the penalty and France is entitled to every conceivable security against a repetition of the offence. The author does not accept this easy philosophy. Examining the pre-war diplomatic situation in the light of post-war revelations, he decides that "not only the responsibiilty for the war was fatally destined, and everyone did what it was only natural that he should do". More specifically, "the truth is that neither France nor Germany wanted war. But in the most natural way possible, Germany was ultimately dragged into war in defense of her ally Austria-Hungary, and France in defence of her ally, Russia". While holding that "M. Poincaré did not 'will' the war," M. Ebray believes that "his policy nevertheless helped to bring war".

This being so, the Allies had no moral right to punish Germany as the criminal responsible for "the greatest crime in history." In any case, they voluntarily pledged themselves on November 5, 1918, to make peace on specified terms—the Fourteen Points and their subsequent elaboration. But they did not do so, and Mr. Ebray enumerates thirteen headings under which he conceives this "Pact" to have been violated. Not content with this, the Allies and more particularly France, declined to respect even the treaty they had imposed upon their enemies. Practically every action taken against Germany up to the Locarno treaties is represented as a violation of the Treaty of Versailles, the dialectics of MM. Tardieu and Poincaré being mercilessly examined and their arguments declared to be in contradiction with the text of the treaty. "Although M. Herriot undid in some measure what M. Poincaré had done, he admitted its legality," observes M. Ebray, and he adds, "It followed that M. Poincaré's policy could be returned to at a later date by some Government representing Poincarist tendencies." The author thinks, therefore, that "the Treaty of Locarno is more likely to be quoted in Germany's defence against France than inversely."

The contention that the reparation clauses of the treaty were inconsistent with the terms on which Germany surrendered is usually recognized by people who have read the relevant documents. Nor is it open to doubt that the principle of self-determination was violated in many matters. But M. Ebray does not consider at all the extremely complex political and economic problems involved in the territorial readjustments, which made a literal application of self-determination out of the question. Likewise his treatment of the post-war situation, sound as it would appear to be from the legal angle, almost ignores the political aspects of the problem. This is not to say that political necessity or convenience justified disregard of the treaty, for it was the duty of the Allies to adhere to the treaty; but if their action is to be properly understood, it has to be examined from something more than the strictly legal point of view. The book, therefore, gives only one side of the picture, though an essential side; but within its limits, it is well done, with admirable restraint and much courage, and it may ultimately do for French opinion what John Maynard Keynes's "The Econmic Consequences of the Peace" accomplished toward the conversion of English sentiment. Somewhat incidentally, M. Ebray hints at the devestating effects of the withdrawal of the United States from European politics. He concludes with the suggestion that France liquidate her debt to the United States by the surrender of her West Indian Islands, which, curiously enough, he thinks would not be contrary to the principle of self-determination.

Islands of Content

THE BALEARICS AND THEIR PEOPLES. By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT MEDILL MCBRIDE

IT is a singular thing that during the past two or three years a number of books have been written about the unimportant Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, islands which heretofore have had few "biographers" and, indeed, have been *terra incognita* to most people. As Mr. Chamberlin says in the opening paragraph of his book: "Five years ago it was almost impossible to find a person among one's acquaintance who could tell within a thousand miles where the Balearics were or to whom they belonged. . . ." and that they would be unknown today "except for the Great War, which set so many people hunting life in cheaper lands . . . and developed a steady stream of winter visitors from England." Ah! that is it—the unspoiled isles of economy, a sterling recommendation in these days of high living costs. And that this is not merely a supposition of the author, he goes on to prove that the cost of living there is not only extremely moderate but that the islands of Minorca and Majorca are Arcady indeed.

Lying off the Spanish coast less than one hundred and fifty miles from Barcelona they impinge upon the Mediterranean highway. In Roman times they were islands of consequence; and from the conquerors of the ancient world the principal islands of the group most appropriately got their names—Majorca called *Major* and Minorca designated *Minor.* After the Romans came the Vandals and then followed the Moors who occupied them for five centuries while their main forces inundated the Spanish peninsula. Jaime I, king of Aragon, the greatest figure in the Liliputian history of the islands, in a heroic assault in the thirteenth century broke the power of the Saracen usurpers and brought them under the banner of Spain. And now for these hundreds of years they have been a part of Spain, and even if, as is well known, their people do not spring from a common racial stock, they are nevertheless characterized by that happy indolence which is a part of the Spanish nature.

Mr. Chamberlin believes that he has found the happiest and most contented people in the world; that for joyous insularity they are a race apart. He says:

> It is almost beyond belief to those of northern climes to find that there are hundreds of thousands of people *within forty-eight hours* of London who do not know whether London is in England or England is in London—who do not know whether one has to go to London to get to New York or to San Francisco to get to Chicago; and, what is still more astonishing, do not want to know any of these things. The sole aim of the Balearic peoples is *content.* They do not want preferment, or precedence, or position or wealth, or travel, or knowledge . . . They care nothing at all for anything which occurs in any place outside their own islands.
>
> The Balearic races do not *want* to rise. They don't want to be prosperous. They don't want to be rich. They don't want to be famous. They don't want to be educated. They don't want to travel . . . They don't want sport . . . They only want bodily comfort.

Mr. Chamberlin is nothing if not thoroughgoing. Having set out to relate, to all who may be found to listen, the truth about the Balearics, he has gathered his facts with the enthusiasm of a born research worker and has presented them in pleasant and highly readable prose. He discusses, among other things, the history of the islands, the customs and amusements of the people, folk lore, housekeeping, flora and fauna, geography and architecture. The intending visitor to the Balearics will find this book indispensable to his appreciation and enjoyment of the islands. It is uncommon to find within the covers of any single volume such a wealth of necessary information so entertainingly presented.

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Books of Special Interest

Droll Tales

SIMPLE STORIES. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. With pictures by GEORGE MORROW. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TO those familiar with Mr. Marshall's stories of English country society, so much admired by William Lyon Phelps but so little adapted to please a large audience, this book will reveal a wholly new side of his talent. He has not hitherto appeared as a humorist. In this volume he blossoms out with a drollery which would delight Lewis Carroll. It is just that topsy-turvy affair which Carroll would love, a collection of nursery tales by children for adults. It is as if the author of "The Young Visiters," at the tender age when she composed that novel had tried her hand upon a series of stories in the manner of Kenneth Grahame or Hans Christian Andersen. In fact, we suspect that Kenneth Grahame is the inspiration of this work.

Here one may learn what happened to the nursemaid, Gladys Cook, after she had killed a robber with her umbrella and given him a lovely funeral with arum lilies; the adventures of the valet, Wobblejuice, who could turn himself into any animal, from a cat to a dromedary, at will; the reward which little Ella Wotherspoon received when she did her sums so well that she was able to detect a mistake of £10 which the bank had made in her father's account; and the splendid marriage which the burglar, Arthur Pomegranate, achieved when, giving up his evil ways after burgling No. 41 Wellington Terrace, he was induced to take up the profession of flute-playing instead. Though the author does not regard crime with any absurd horror, and tells of robbery, murder, and treason with the utmost nonchalance, he usually contrives to end with an edifying lesson. The rapidity with which he gets through his tales is admirable. There is no nonsense about setting, motivation, or atmosphere. The velocity of the action and the simplicity of the style are well illustrated by this beginning of the tale of "The Ancient Roman:"

Once there was an ancient Roman and he lived in a Roman villa with a pavement and wore a toga and sandals and all these things, and he talked Latin quite easily, and he was a Senator and very important.

Well he had a wife who was a Roman matron and a very nice boy called Claudius, and one day Claudius came to him and said, O pater, because he could talk Latin too, will you give me a denarius?

And his father said what for?

And he said I want to buy a catapult.

So his father gave him a denarius and he bought a catapult and one day when he was playing with it he killed a slave by mistake.

Well killing a slave wasn't against the law so it wasn't murder or anything like that but Claudius was very sorry all the same and he threw away his catapult and wouldn't use it any more.

And his father bought another slave instead of that one and he said you must be more careful because slaves are very expensive.

There is a great deal more about Claudius, his pater, and the second slave; and from this Roman group we turn at once to the story of Old Muggle, the giant, who had two heads, one good and one bad, and who lived to be a great blessing to the world after a little boy named Jack had slain the evil head. Mr. Morrow, who has an illustration on nearly every page, has caught the spirit of the tales admirably. We particularly like his picture of the youngster who got caught, after being a successful pirate, because he incautiously put a doubloon in the Sunday School plate.

Another Best-Seller

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN. By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

"THE Meeting for Men and Boys will be a Thriller. There will not be a dull moment throughout the day."

"Battling —— vs. Beelzebub. The Reverend ——, 'fighting parson' cornered the Prince of Darkness, grabbed him by both horns and twisted his neck until the entire valley reverberated with the strident sound of Satanic screams."

"Pastor Seeking to Learn Life's Greatest Kick—offers cash awards for the best answer to the question 'How is one to get a kick out of life?'"

Given three guesses as to the source of the above delectable church announcements, the common reader will feel quite certain that they have been taken from the godless "Elmer Gantry," offspring of the godless Sinclair Lewis. Not so. They are the contributions of Mr. Harold Bell Wright, and are to be found, with many more of their ilk, in "God and the Groceryman."

In his latest novel Mr. Wright practically deserts the pleasant fields of fiction for the less luscious plains of statistic and propaganda. Here are two *bon mots* culled at random.

"The annual cost of crime in the United States is over two and one half times the total ordinary income of our nation and over three times the national budget."

"The number of prisoners in our penal institutions has increased in seventeen years from one hundred and six-tenths prisoners for every one hundred thousand of our population, to one hundred and fifty out of every one hundred thousand."

Faced with such evidence, Mr. Wright takes his crusading pen in hand. Starting from the scarcely controversial thesis that there is something wrong with the world, he plunges right into the heart of the matter and discovers, in almost no time, just what the trouble is. "It is because *in this so-called Christian country there is no organization in existence through which one can spend a dollar for a purely religious purpose.*" And the reason, if you care to know, why an honest dollar cannot be spent for purely religious purposes, is that denominationalism eats them all up. To remedy this evil, Dan Matthews, he who was "called" in an earlier Wright opus, organizes on purely business lines one Christian Temple, undenominational, in one typical American town, and proves conclusively through its effect upon this sin-beridden spot that God would hurry back to his heaven and all would be all right with the world if only all America would do the same.

To avoid a wilful misrepresentation of fact, however, it should be added that a pretty little typical Wright love story runs along with these ponderous bludgeonings. "God and the Grocery Man" is a tale of youth today, and no one can have more fun with a little sex than Mr. Wright. Witness the utterly unnecessary near-rape of the heroine, the tawdry and unconvincing affair of the mother, the nudge-in-the-rib type of talk between the young hero and Grandpa Paddock, or the smirking confidences on the nature of men between the heroine and Grandma Paddock. It is quite impossible for Mr. Wright to look upon any relationship between the sexes without either frothing at the mouth with anger or drooling with sheer delight. Since both these processes are equally thrilling to him and will doubtless affect his readers in the same way, "God and the Grocery Man" is probably destined to become the thirteenth Harold Bell Wright success.

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I am going to buy Trader Horn today! I shall sail beyond the sun···Wildest Africa will be my home, swift rivers my daily course, ivory, apes and peacocks my stock in trade, and cannibals my blood brothers···Romance will run amuck. A President of the United States, sight-seeing his way through Africa, will order his prize gorilla from me. (What matter if I ship him instead the pickled body of an old trader who wanted to be buried at home?···) I shall see the mighty Cecil Rhodes get drunk on prickly pear brandy and, as part of the day's work, I shall snatch him from the hungry crocodiles. I shall watch my native friends toss their useless grandmothers into the jungle torrents, laughing riotously during the sacred rites···With my gallant school-mate "Little Peru" I shall rescue the fair haired octoroon Nina T--- daughter of a British peer from the josh house where she is imprisoned and worshipped as a goddess. I shall level off the sand crying "Your shout" upon the swishing waters of the forest and toss a gold piece for her hand···In places marked "unexplored" on the latest maps of the Ivory Coast, I shall see voodoo mysteries unveiled···With spear-heads and crouching tribesmen with lions and lady missionaries, I shall have my fill of beauty and terror I shall live adventure, the real thing. I am going to read "Trader Horn" tonight

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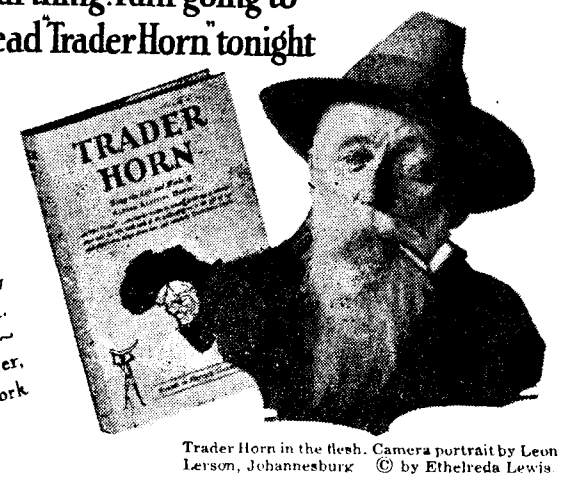

Trader Horn in the flesh. Camera portrait by Leon Lerson, Johannesburg © by Ethelreda Lewis

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GOOD BOOKS

Foreign Literature

Hamsun Views Life

LANDSTRYKERE (Vagabonds). By KNUT HAMSUN. Oslo: Gyldendal. 1927.

Reviewed by JULIUS MORITZEN

FROM being himself a good deal of a wanderer, making the roving life conspicuous as an element in some of his most popular books, Knut Hamsun, after the lapse of four years presents his cosmopolitan audience with another big novel, in which, however, the rolling stone symbol is employed to show that a *wanderlust* existence is anything but a virtue or a payer of dividends.

It is true, of course, that in "Growth of the Soil," the love of the Norwegian for his native acres is strongly emphasized. But in "Vagabonds" Hamsun carries his idea along different channels and furnishes a picture of real joy in cultivating the home land. In fact, he tells the young people of Norway that the best they can do for themselves and others is to stay at home and help build up the country.

Now, in view of the fact that the United States has become more or less of a closed book to Europeans, because of the quota regulations, there is a slight suspicion in the mind of anyone reading this latest offering of his carefully that since the American Eldorado is no more, Norway is good enough for the Norwegians. Be this as it may, Hamsun puts into the mouth of one of his leading characters, Joakim, that "It is, then, that we should cultivate our own soil, Norway's soil; then we won't have to buy so much of our food elsewhere and will escape heavy taxes and other burdens."

It is August, a typical Hamsun character, who is the pivotal figure of the book, and with him we make the acquaintance of his friend, Edevart Andreassen. But, as always, Knut Hamsun presents a human gallery of almost illimitable dimensions. And those who have followed this Norwegian writer through his various productions are sure to recognize here and there Johan Nagel, Lieutenant Glahn, and other striking personalities that go to make the Hamsun novels unique.

The remarkable hold of Knut Hamsun on readers in all parts of the world must be due to certain qualities such as have made Dickens and Hans Christian Andersen literary favorites. In "Vagabonds" the *motif* is as simple as in a story by the Danish writer of fairy tales. Every word is poetic, although rugged when needed. Whether Hamsun pictures fishermen, peasants, traders in this small-town Norway and countryside, he endows all with the one thing essential to make a book of lasting worth, namely, reality. There is this difference between Hamsun and his great predecessor, Ibsen, that where the latter made the small community the scene for his world-message, to Hamsun it is just what it is, and nothing more.

Since Hamsun settled down as proprietor of a considerable estate no doubt the satisfaction of possession, unconsciously perhaps, is creeping into his later productions. But in contrast with many other writers who have tasted cosmopolitan fame and believe it necessary to turn their talents toward what they consider the demands of a foreign reading public, Hamsun does not deviate where it comes to *locale* or personnel. He sticks to the environment he knows best, and of which he considers himself a part. For this reason we meet with the same people, the same regions, the same problems, albeit made amenable to the particular purpose he has in mind. In this he takes, perhaps, the same position as does his famous colleague, Johan Bojer. "Our Own Stock" and "Vagabonds" have much in common.

The book, as has already been intimated, is primarily concerned with the question of emigration, and the driving force that makes the youth of Norway, as elsewhere in Europe, seek foreign fields in which to settle down. There has been a movement afoot in Norway for some time for a better utilization of the natural resources of the soil. If Knut Hamsun had been commissioned by his Government publicly to take the stand for his people remaining at home, he could have done nothing more effective than writing "Vagabonds." It is a new Hamsun that we here have to deal with but a Hamsun as skilful as ever in the delineation of plot and characters.

The Wits' Weekly

Owing to delays in receipt of the mail forwarded to Mr. Davison in the South where he is now lecturing, the announcement of the award for the competition falling due this week has been postponed. After Mr. Davison had made his decision as to the prize winner thirty entries were received which could not have been considered in advance of *The Saturday Review* going to press.

A Notable Autobiography

DER JUNGE TOBIAS. By KARL SCHEFFLER. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1927.

HERR KARL SCHEFFLER is one of the most widely-read of German art-historians and critics. His volumes on German and European art in the nineteenth century are authoritative works in their category, and his essays on other artistic subjects are sold in many thousands of copies. The present volume is obviously an autobiography. It reveals a singularly interesting career, but does not derive all its value from this fact. Besides being a very well-told account of his own life, it illuminates a certain side of German social development in the last thirty years of the nineteenth century.

The title, "Young Tobit," is a little puzzling at first. Later we learn that the hero, Johann, is considered to have been guarded by the angels of intelligence and hope, just as the Biblical character was surrounded by heavenly protectors. Let it be said at once, however, that this is no smug story of "self-help;" the absolute frankness of the style takes away any hint of self-complacence. Johann was the son of a respectable painter and decorator. He was born in a small North German town, near a large seaport, and his beginnings fell at the time when industrialism was casting its shadow over the lives of the German lower middle class. The rush to the big city was beginning; it was no longer considered as respectable to be a manual worker, however skilled, as a clerk in a shipping firm. The first chapters, in fact, are a kind of "Deserted Village" in prose. Johann's father apprenticed his son to his own trade and the minute technical account of the business of painting and decorating, which is never tiring, bears the stamp of absolute first-hand experience. There are pages which remind us of Crabbe, so well is technical knowledge, realistically conveyed, merged into art. Or again, we can recall parallels with the experience which Dickens put into his novels.

But the boy had ideas, not of "improving himself"—that snobbish note is absent—but of something more nearly fulfilling his inner nature. He wanted to write; he wanted to paint pictures. A certain shyness kept him aloof from the coarser enjoyment of his fellow-workers, and eventually his father allowed him to go to the city and take regular art-lessons. Here temptations pressed upon him. He was exploited by friends who fell too easily victims to the vices of the town. There is a whole chapter entitled "Prostitution" which fits well into the complete story. It is an exact rendering of the physical chaos of the big city, just as the last chapter is a rendering of the intellectual chaos. For this latter the writer holds responsible the vulgarization of the Darwinian theory, which seems to have made a far deeper impression on average minds in Germany than anywhere else. The last chapter might be called "The Making of an Idealist Art Critic;" it shows how the young man fought his way through to clarity and self-confidence. It must have been no easy task to make this plain life-story of such gripping interest.

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A Child, Forsooth

IF only children were definitely one thing or another it would be a comparatively simple matter to make books for them. If they were fairies full of fancies caught from no earthly moon, then their authors could all be poets rollicking on winged pens. Or if childish minds perfectly matched bodies in well-being, romping, sleeping, and eating might leave no need for books at all. But no such simplicity is true to the facts. Whenever we congratulate ourselves on training up young citizens, our offspring turn into pixies with a longing for green cheese; when we revere them because of their innocent eyes, they fasten on a muddy bank and are pulled off looking like earth-worms. Fact and fancy never untangle, savage and fairy live in one breast. A child, forsooth! How write for such a creature?

And not satisfied with inherent difficulty, we acquire trouble by placing our babe at birth in the bosom of adult life. We call the thousand and one sophisticated activities to which we introduce him none too gradually "a preparation for life," and fail to note that the phrase monopolizes the word "life" for our grown up selves. We overdo the sophisticating process more thoroughly all the time. And yet this impingement of our world on his does result in a firmly social supporting structure for his private affairs, and any book about or for children that ignores the existence of such a structure falsifies essential truth. As truly as a child lives in his own world, so truly does he live in ours, which is also his. So it is that we must not only face that complex being, a child, but in addition the difficult problem of his double environment.

But let us take heart. Difficulties *inherent or acquired* are the last things that trouble the young reader. The mixture of fact and fancy in himself would seem a perfectly natural one to a child if put in terms of the world as he sees it. Convention, indeed, divides the two, but life continually combines them. And as for the social world in which he needs must live, a youngster is too busy with his own concerns to trouble much about affairs in general except as a necessary interruption, a useful means, or a usually beloved background. Why cannot grown-up life take its place in children's books as in children's minds, casually and naturally, but squarely, with close relationships felt always, with sparrows falling occasionally, and bookhomes full of fun and sadness all mixed up? Or else (since children are continually and prophetically living ahead as well as in their own present) why not let the grown-up aspect of things deck itself suitably to catch the childish eye and step from background to foreground? Why not let it emerge oftener as the hero of the piece, with knightly colors on its sleeve, the gayety of Harlequin in its antics, or even the fascinating sorrows of a Ulysses in its eyes?

Imaginative Books

By RACHEL FIELD

IT seems impossible to believe, but there are still people who labor under the delusion that a brightly colored wrapper, gay pictures, and large print constitute a good children's book. If you don't believe this method of selection is true, just try going into a juvenile book department some day before Christmas and see it in action for yourself. Not that there isn't something to be said in its favor, for it is natural to want to put the gayest and brightest into a child's hands. Only it just happens that sometimes what is being put into a child's mind at the same time gets forgotten! In spite of sanguine and sentimental juvenile reviewers and the alluring statements in publisher's catalogues, the genuinely imaginative child's book appears about as regularly as Halley's Comet, which leaves us with the distressing problem of what is to be done in between-times. We can't keep on giving out copies of 'Alice in Wonderland" and Hans Anderen, of "Water Babies" and "Pinocchio," of the "Jungle Books" and "When We Were Very Young," indefinitely, and for the rest, —how does one tell? The answer is, of course, that no one can. There is, however, one unfailing test by which a child's book (or any other for that matter) can stand or fall, and that is, did the author write it to please himself? You can usually tell, and though of course this may not mean that the book will become an imaginative classic, still it is almost sure to have vitality and spirit and a lack of condescension and self-consciousness.

If "Peacock Pie" had been ordinary, jog-trot verse Walter de la Mare surely couldn't have managed to keep his own mind on it and we should have missed "Miss T.," "Nod," "Nicholas Nye," "The Lost Shoe," and all the rest. Lewis Carroll would hardly have been interested in any land, Wonderland or otherwise, without humor and nonsense, and so Alice's adventures are what they are. Kate Greenaway, in a letter to a friend, confesses that she hurried through the fog and damp of a London winter morning, eager to reach her studio where soon she could make it spring for herself with daffodils and apple-blossoms in bloom and as many clean and capering children as she cared to have at play there.

This is the sort of thing that really counts in a child's book, or any other kind, for that matter,—this power of setting a world of one's own between two book covers. Hans Andersen did that and for the child lucky enough to have come to him young, an icicle will be something more than frozen water hanging in a point from some window sill; it will be all mixed up with the adventures of Kay and Gerda and the palace of the Snow Queen. Of present-day writers it is difficult to guess those who will be read and reread by the youngsters of tomorrow. Will Dr. Dolittle seem as droll and seriously-comic and will Margery Williams Bianco's little tales of wooden dolls, velveteen rabbits, and skin horses keep their spirit and charm? At any rate with Milne, Barrie, Walter de la Mare, Eleanor Farjeon, and others putting their imaginative best into books for boys and girls there seems little reason to complain even if for every really inspired child's book there must be a score or more of the usual "Dolly Dee in the Country," "Benny's Backyard Neighbors" type to counterbalance.

Charming Tales

THE LION-HEARTED KITTEN. Written and illustrated by PEGGY BACON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $2.

THE LAST DRAGON. By DAN TOTHEROH. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

TOO often the stories advertised as having been successfully told and retold by mothers to their children fall flat when they are transferred to the printed page, but this is not the case with Peggy Bacon's delectable book of animal stories. In these tales of beasts from independent kittens to mercenary camels, there is genuine literary skill, besides a really remarkable sense of form and style. And what humor! Even a very literal child would have to chuckle at the story of the brusque crocodile and the lion cub or the crafty minnow who saved himself from being eaten so successfully. Each of the twelve little tales is a model of compactness with every sentence vivid and important; dialogue brief and spirited, and action swift and satisfactory. Could any beginning be more enticing than this from "The Little Baby Zebra" story:

> Once there was a baby Zebra who lived with his mother on the big brown prairie, and every day they went together to look for green grass to eat. But in summer the sun shone so long and so fiercely that the whole prairie looked like burnt toast.

Really no very little child should be without these tales.

Miss Bacon is already so well known for her etchings that these illustrations of hers for the book need little comment except to say that they are in her original spirit. Whether the conventionally minded child will like them as well as more realistic and pretty pictures of animals we cannot say, but certainly the adult reader will find them infinitely diverting.

"The Last Dragon," by Dan Totheroh, is written in a very different mood and manner, but it is about a dragon, so should have a place with other beasts that have

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from preceding page*)

found their way into print this season. Here a group of present-day children are spirited away on the scaly back of a prehistoric Dragon, the last of his race. With their family Grandmother for chaperone the children are carried back through the centuries into the golden-age of dragons and knights and imprisoned Princesses who must be rescued. The beginning of the book seemed rather self-conscious in its reproduction of juvenile character and conversation, but once the action began and the dragon got back into his proper environment things were much better, literarily speaking. Judged by the highest standards of imaginative writing the tale falls just a little short of being the best. But it is full of good fun and a nice feeling for the past and the adventurous spirit of childhood.

Once Upon a Time

A ROAD TO FAIRYLAND. By ERICA FAY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $1.50.

FIRESIDE STORIES. Compiled by VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1927. $2.50.

LOST VILLAGE. By ALBERTA BANCROFT. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

ONCE upon a time is the keynote of this group of fairy tales by Erica Fay (an appropriate name for a spinner of elfin yarns), and all of them follow the conventional folk tale formula both in spirit and style. Wood-Nymphs, Princesses, Wise Old Women, Queen Mothers and Fathers, Hobgoblins and Poor-but-happy Poets, these are some of the many characters round whom the stories centre. And they are pleasant little tales, well told for the most part, without the sentimentality and sophistication which sometimes creeps in to mar this kind of book. One feels that the author is thoroughly at home in the folk-tale atmosphere.

It is good to come upon old favorites from the Brothers Grimm and other authentic sources,—"Hans in Luck," "Mother Hulda," "The Straw Ox," and "The Frog Prince," in this new collection of familiar tales retold in somewhat condensed form by Veronica S. Hutchinson and enlivened with new pictures by Lois Lenski who has illustrated no less than three other children's books this year besides writing one of them herself. Her pictures for "Fireside Stories" are done with her own quaint variation of old tapestry and medieval designs.

"Lost Village," by Alberta Bancroft, is less conventional in spirit and style than either of these. The hero is a small Prince who must be hidden away in a lonely mountain village for safe keeping from his father's enemies. Elves, fairies, and all sorts of Little People are met with frequently in the surrounding wilderness and the boy learns to meet danger and adventure as any Prince or little boy must, till in the end he is called back to his own kingdom across the Border. There is considerable charm here and the book is attractive in format and pictures.

(*Reviews by Miss Field of other imaginative books for children will be found on page* 354).

For Young and Old

LETTY. By ROSE FYLEMAN. New York: The George H. Doran Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

SOME books fall naturally into a child's hands, some into an adult's, and some into a delightfully undefined category between. This may mean that the book is an ideal one for reading aloud, adult to child, or it may mean that the mentally older, more thoughtful, or more sophisticated type of young reader is the right audience. In the case of Miss Fyleman's charming book the contents will be found to be not for the little child to read to himself, nor, for the most part, for his mother to read to him. He would not, indeed, be bored by the latter arrangement;—in some chapters he would enjoy it very much. But he would quite miss the tone of the delightful nuances of these humorously familiar memories and these anecdotes of homely, quaint doings, which are perceived entirely from an older point of view in an affectionate and sympathetic retrospect. Hence let us assign "Letty" to the child who is much older either in years or in ways or both, and even more particularly to those grown-up readers, whether parents or teachers, who were once children of eager mental activity and vivid imaginations and so will enjoy and believe in these inner records of child days and their accompanying stream of mental life.

That is indeed the notable thing about Miss Fyleman's book. It is an inner record as well as an outer, and in her simple account of several years of Letty's life the amazing activity, eager and incessant, of a child's mind comes alive for the reader who is sufficiently sensitive himself to appreciate it. Miss Fyleman must indeed have lived her own childhood vitally and must now cherish it warmly to remember these delightful bits, many of which are of the type that slip away so easily from the maturing mind, but slip back, too, so amusingly if only someone of livelier memory will recall them. "Another nursery law decrees that at tea-time you have to eat 'a piece of brown bread *first*.' The children keep a sharp eye on one another. 'You haven't had your brown,' is a reproof not lightly to be ignored." What sacred ruling in *your* family nursery corresponded to this most hygienic edict?

A Tale of Travel

DERIC WITH THE INDIANS. By DERIC NUSBAUM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $1.25.

WE have begun to have a series of books by boys. The idea is a good one if it is not overdone and if it is confined in execution to a suitable type of subject such as this one. A boy's imagination should certainly find an effective stimulus in travel and exploration, and Deric has evidently enjoyed both his topic and his labor in writing it up. Many other boys and girls will enjoy reading it and will profit by the development of their information and interest in connection with a most fascinating part of their own country.

Deric's book has not a plot and is not to be looked at in the light of a thrilling adventure story. It must not be asked for that kind of appeal. It is a straightforward narrative of travel and of contacts with Indians and Mexicans; but Deric has made good use of stories that have been told him as he went along, and his pages are in consequence packed with tales, both legendary and actual, which are full of interest and which help to build up the atmosphere of this country for the reader as the author's descriptions alone—he being Deric and not Conrad or Tomlinson—could naturally not be expected to do. He does not, however, omit frequent mention of the scenery,—the cañons, the mountains, the stretches of sand and the coloring—and by many details touched on in passing he unconsciously adds interest; for example, in the suggestions of the management of horses and packs. His understanding of the significance of what he sees is usually good, as in his recognition of the same methods of pottery making in the pieces which he sees being made or sold, and in the centuries-old remains which he watches his father excavate. That is, in addition to a boy's healthy love of what is new and different, he is often able to feel also the significance of time and history, and this should be of value to his young readers.

The first chapters of the book are a little less natural in style than the later ones; some words and phrases sound either like a reflection of adult conversation or a straining after effect. But soon the writing becomes simple and direct and full of boyish emphasis which carries its own effects. Parents who wish to interest their children in the wide diversities of their own country will be glad to hand them Deric's book.

"What merry work it was in the days of our holy fathers (runs an old chronicle) . . . that upon St. Nicholas, St. Catherine, St. Clement, and Holy Innocent's Day, children were wont to be arrayed in chimers, rochets, surplices, to counterfeit bishops and priests, and to be led, with songs and dances, from house to house, blessing the people, who stood grinning in the way to expect that ridiculous benediction. Yea, that boys in that holy sport were wont to sing masses, and to climb into the pulpit to preach (no doubt learnedly and edifyingly) to the simple auditory. And this was so really done that in the cathedral church of Salisbury (unless it be lately defaced) there is a perfect monument of one of these boy bishops (who died in the time of his young pontificality), accoutred in his episcopal robes, still to be seen."—Hall's *Triumphs of Rome.*

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE ART OF JAPAN. By LOUIS V. LEDOUX. New York: Japan Society, Inc. 1927. $3.

This beautifully printed book which is made and published by Mr. William Edwin Rudge is such an apologia for Japanese art, including literature, as could be made within the narrow bounds of an intimate lecture. The endeavor is to offset the reaction against things Japanese which has come with the growing vogue of Chinese art. The plea is lucidly and persuasively presented, and many amateurs who are not ashamed of the color prints, lacquers, swordguards, and *netsukes* which they assembled thoughtfully in other days will want to own this book. The Japan Society, for which it was originally printed, has done well to give it a wider circulation.

DECORATIVE MOTIVES IN ORIENTAL ART. By KATHERINE M. BALL. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $15.

The title of this thin folio is somewhat misleading. It deals mainly with animal symbolism in Japanese art, with only occasional reference to the art of China, India, and Persia. The arrangement is that of an ample dictionary, alphabetical with rich illustration and abundant sidelights from literature and legend. For example, the amateur who owns a bearlike beast that is partly a teakettle, need merely turn to the section bear-charger. By glancing over two or three pages he will come upon the motive on a swordguard, and alongside the cut he may read how the priest's kettle changed into a badger, from the exhibition of which miracle the poor priest amassed a fortune. The notices are pleasantly written, and a summary check does not reveal any serious omissions. The author's belief in an American civilization reaching back to eleven thousand years B.C., arouses grave misgivings as to her scholarship, but it is fair to add that her work, dealing as it does with quite recent legend and folklore, is out of the tradition of exact scholarship, and seems to be well done. It is a storehouse of illustrations, well over a thousand, and as such will supplement Joly's book for students, while it will give delight up or down to the children of all families who love Japanese art in its more whimsical aspect.

LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAINTING. By CLIVE BELL. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $3.50.

According to the lightheartedness or seriousness of the reader, this book will be entirely delightful or infinitely distressing. Mr. Bell gambols unceasingly and gloats the while—again, according to temperament, a joyous or a boring performance. He retains cheerfully all the sophisms of those naughty 'nineties against which he cut his eye teeth, and his style again perpetuates the sprightlier lower journalism of that period. But he is the liveliest of epigones, not realizing perhaps how epigonic he is. Cézanne once rejoiced that he could "cough up" (*crâcher*) masterpieces; Mr. Bell readily sneezes up aphorisms. For example: "The only way to appreciate a work of art is to see it as if it were the only thing of its sort in existence. To see it in relation to anything else is to see it impurely." If this is correctly stated, it means simply that everything is seen impurely. We cannot wholly inhibit associations, and Mr. Bell's confidence that he is among the few who see works of art purely must be reckoned a delusion. But giving him his case, how then has he ventured to impose upon us a book which is mostly something else, to wit, biographical small change about artists? One could read the chatty and essentially empty pages on Courbet without realizing the man was a great painter. Concerning Corot one learns that with the exception of brief episodes, during which he was a superb landscapist and figure painter, he was a negligible maker of potboilers. Such reckless overstatements are characteristic of the gambolling technique. Were Mr. Bell consistent in his flippancy, a certain type of reader could eschew him entirely, but among the continuous random dazzle of fireworks one comes upon the best page on Chassériau that has been written. Drat it! one must keep on reading Mr. Bell after all, for in the too rare moments when he forgets to prance, he is a very perceptive critic.

THE GREAT PAINTERS. By *Edith R. Abbot*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

UMBRIA SANTA. By *Corrado Ricci*. Oxford University Press. $4.

EXAMPLES OF SAN BERNANDINO OF SIENA. Chosen by *Ada Harrison*. Illustrated by *Robert Austin*. Oxford University Press. $4.

GUIDE POSTS TO CHINESE PAINTING. By *Louise Wallace Hackney*. Houghton Mifflin. $10.

TOWARDS A NEW ARCHITECTURE. By *Le Corbusier*. Translated from the French by Frederick Etchells. Payson & Clarke. $5.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. By *Thomas E. Tallmadge*. Norton.

GEORGE W. BELLOWS: HIS LITHOGRAPHS. Knopf.

CHINESE ART. By *R. L. Hobson*. Macmillan. $12.50.

Belles Lettres

THE YOUNGER GENERATION. By ELIZABETH BENSON. Greenberg. 1927. $1.50.

Miss Benson is a prodigy. At the age of thirteen she is a Barnard College sophomore. She has been prominent in the news since 1922 when at the age of eight she broke the world's record in child mentality with an Intelligence Quotient of 214 plus, having passed perfectly every mental test devised for a "superior adult." She has been declared to be perfectly balanced temperamentally, mentally, and physically. Moreover, this book shows that she has a sense of humor. Frank Crowninshield of *Vanity Fair*, to which Miss Benson contributed a series of articles, writes the introduction. He really *discovered* Miss Benson for literature. And now she has proved that she can write a keen and lively analysis of both the present younger generation and her own, which is not yet quite of it. She proves an excellent defendant. She is not parroting, she has observed. She is sane and logical, and she finds no difficulty in expressing clearly exactly what she thinks. How far Miss Benson may go as a writer is entirely problematical. But hers is a salient and interesting personality in its own right.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO MANUSCRIPT OF THE GENEALOGIA DEORUM GENTILIUM OF BOCCACCIO. By *Ernest H. Wilkins*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

MILTON PAPERS. By *David H. Stevens*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

MONEY WRITES. By *Upton Sinclair*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION IN POETRY. By *Gilbert Murray*. Harvard University Press. $3.

TOWARD THE LIGHT. By *Mary Fels*. New York: George Dokevage. $2.50.

AMERICAN DOCTORAL DISSERTATIONS IN THE ROMANCE FIELD. By *R. M. Merrill*. Columbia University Press.

TIME AND CHANGE. By *William Everett Cram*. Marshall, Jones. $1.50.

OZARK FANTASIA. By *Charles J. Finger*. Fayetteville, Ark.: Golden Horseman Press.

Biography

THE MEMOIRS OF THE MARQUISE DE KEROUBEC (1785-1858). Washburn. 1927. $2.50 net.

It is true, as the English reviews have said, that there is a likeness, for all their division by time, between Miss Loos's Lorelei Lee and this charming Marquise of the time of the French Revolution. She lived (if, indeed, she did actually live!) through the Revolution, knew Napoleon, and quite decorously conducted various light love affairs. These passages from her diary give us glimpses of an epoch-making period in France from a new point of view, the point of view of a fair and frail little lady of fashion. It is all very engaging, and if somewhat trivial, it is triviality with an interesting historical background, and affords glimpses of a rather fascinating, if quite conscienceless, feminine character.

THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE. By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $4.

There is no doubt that experience clarifies, but it also tones down the vivid colors of youth to the paler pastel tones of reminiscence. Exactly that has happened in this latest book of Sir Francis Younghusband's. The daring, clever youth, the wiser, but still courageous man, have given place to the great friend and companion of Empire makers, seeing very clearly, but from a distance.

England has had many great frontiersmen. Sir Francis was one of the greatest. He was an associate of Kipling, Curzon, Lord Lytton, Kitchener, and a host of others who share equally in England's glory. He speaks of others who might have been as great or greater, possessed of what he calls aptly the "Nelson touch," but that they gave their lives for the country that that "Nelson touch" might have served. We should judge that he had something of the "Nelson touch" himself. It was not

(*Continued on next page*)

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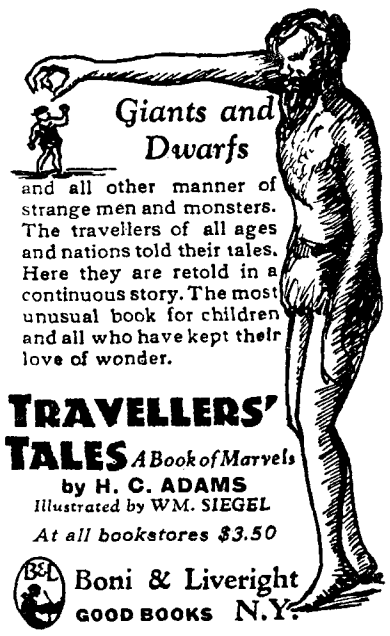

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

merely a taste for adventure that sent a twenty-four year old boy across China and the Mongolian desert alone. Ant it was no taste for adventure at all, but a great and studied wisdom that led the Younghusband Expedition to Tibet to not only a safe, but a successful conclusion. Those are tales that have been told. What is added to the former books is personal recollections of the other great men who helped to make India and South Africa. India more especially, of course. There he knew them all, worked under them, or with them, or over them, side by side, building the straggling borders into a concrete and closely knit line of defense against attack, particularly from Russia, since the Russia of those days was as much to be feared in the Far East as the New Russia of today.

SIXTEEN TO FORTY. A Woman's Story. By "MARNA." Appleton. 1927. $2.50.

A book entitled "Sixteen to Forty," subtitled "A Woman's Story," and signed with a pseudonym, leads frail human nature to expect something in the way of revelations that could not appear over the author's name. But there is nothing sensational in "Sixteen to Forty," and no state secrets are revealed. Indeed the whole tone is so fictional that any impression of autobiography gained from the cover is dispelled on further reading. Marna at sixteen is a young lady of definite allure for the opposite sex—Marna at forty is a less young lady with a definite allure for the opposite sex. At sixteen after her first kiss the boy in an ecstasy of young love, seeing immediate marriage impossible, asks her to wait. Marna reflects, "what did he mean? Wait? How could I wait? Life went on, I would go on." That is her attitude throughout the book. She accepts much love and much from love and she gives very little. She studies painting for a time, she becomes a writer, yet she remains so egocentric in her attitude towards life that the other characters in the book seem to exist only in their relations to her. There are many such characters, Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, all in love with Marna and all portrayed by Marna. The style of the book is easy, rapid, and informal; the scene shifts from city to city, from country to country; and Marna is clever and vivacious enough to make the story interesting.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS. By HORACE BLEACKLEY. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $3.50.

This life of the famous eighteenth century beauty, Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, was first published in 1907. As it is largely written from material found in contemporary newspapers, the author believes that the world is now better able to appreciate this method than it was twenty years ago; hence this present reprint.

The fair Elizabeth, with her equally fair but less clever sister Maria, was brought from Ireland by her mother for exposure to the London marriage market. Horace Walpole and others are witness to the effect produced by them on society, and each was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to bag a nobleman. Elizabeth as her prize caught his Grace of Hamilton, notorious rake, gamester, and drunkard. After his death, she married Colonel John Campbell, and when he succeeded to the Dukedom of Argyll, she became a double duchess.

The most famous part of her career, and that around which much of the book is written, was her attempt to procure for her son, the infant Duke of Hamilton, the succession to the title and lands of the childless Duke of Douglas. It seems that this Duke of Douglas had had a sister who, in hopes of securing an heir to the title, had married a certain Colonel John Steuart, soldier of fortune. Then, under very suspicious circumstances, while in a foreign country, she had announced the birth of twin boys, one of whom died, the other being brought back to England. If, as alleged, this child was an imposter, then Elizabeth Gunning's son was the next heir male. Unfortunately, the elderly Duke of Douglas, ten days before his death, had made the little Archibald Steuart his heir. Thereupon the case was brought into the law courts, where it dragged on for eight years. While the Court of Sessions at Edinburgh pronounced for Hamilton, the House of Lords on appeal pronounced for Archibald.

There is a long appendix in the book relating to the trial of the Douglas case, the author stating his belief that the decision of the House of Lords was erroneous, and that, in reality, the young Duke of Hamilton should have had the title. There are eight illustrations, six of them of the duchess herself at various stages in her career. A bibliography and index are also included.

CERTAIN RICH MEN. By MEADE MINNIGERODE. Putnams. 1927. $3.50.

The papers collected into this thin book (barely two hundred pages of large print) bear every earmark of being what they were, essays for a popular weekly magazine. They deal with figures familiar to every reader: John Jacob Astor, Stephen Girard, Jay Cooke, Commodore Vanderbilt, and that precious trio, Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, and Daniel Drew. Their primary aim is entertainment. They include no information not easily available in other printed works. What interpretation of character they attempt is elementary and uncritical. John Jacob Astor, for example, is a remarkable subject for a psychological study. His greed for money and the tightness of his grip upon it were proverbial in New York of the 'thirties and 'forties; yet this miser insisted upon having two highly cultivated literary men in succession, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Cogswell, as pensioners and intimate companions. His fur-trading was carried on by means of disgraceful debauchery and maltreatment of the Indians, and as a shipper and a realty-operator he showed scant respect for governmental rights; yet he did exhibit a certain large patriotism in his zeal for American acquisition of the Northwest, and a certain civic pride in such enterprises as the building of the Astor House and endowment of the Astor Library. Jay Gould, who began life as an author, who loved art and orchids, and who was utterly unscrupulous in his financial dealings, is an equally remarkable subject for analysis. But analysis is just what Mr. Minnigerode fails to give us. He furnishes a bright and wholly superficial history of these men's lives, and that is all.

The author has high narrative talent, and in a five-cent magazine these papers served a useful purpose. But it is difficult to justify their collection in unrevised form into a rather expensively illustrated book. If Mr. Minnigerode had taken the pains to give us a view of Gould in the full light of his later career, instead of stopping with Erie and Black Friday; if he had learned for us the precise connection between Jim Fisk and Tweed; if he had taken a less complacent attitude toward Jay Cooke's great Northern Pacific venture than Mr. E. P. Oberholtzer does in his biography; or if he had come as near the secret of Stephen Girard's personality as Parton did in his essay on that eccentric man, the essays would have been worth reprinting. A really original and pungent study of these men, with new information and new opinions, would have great value. A *rechauffé* of the old facts and the stencilled estimates, though entertainingly written, has none.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LODOWICH BRYSKETT. University of Chicago Press. $2.

ROMANTIC RASCALS. By *Charles J. Finger.* McBride. $3 net.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By *Rupert Hughes.* Morrow. $5 net.

BEETHOVEN. By *J. W. N. Sullivan.* Knopf. $3.50.

LAW, LIFE AND LETTERS. By *The Earl of Birkenhead.* Doran. 2 vols. $10 net.

THE AUTHENTIC LIFE OF BILLY THE KID. By *Pat F. Garrett.* Edited by *Maurice G. Fulton.* Macmillan. $2.50.

MAIDS OF HONOR. By *Lewis Melville.* Doran. $7.50 net.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH DIARIES. Edited by *Arthur Ponsonby.* Doran. $5 net.

ENGLISH DIARIES. By *Arthur Ponsonby.* Doran. $5.

MORE ENGLISH DIARIES. Edited by *Arthur Ponsonby.* Doran. $5 net.

ROBESPIERRE'S RISE AND FALL. By *G. Lenotre.* Doran. $6 net.

Drama

EARTH. By *Em Jo Basshe.* Macaulay. $2.

MARDRAGOLA. By *Machiavelli.* Translated by *Stark Young.* Macaulay. $2.50.

THE GAMBLERS. By *Nikolai V. Gogol.* Macaulay. $2.50.

LOUD SPEAKER. By *John Howard Lawson.* Macaulay. $2.

THE COMIC ARTIST. By *Susan Glaspell* and *Norman Matson.* Stokes. $1.50.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE DRAMA. By *Martha F. Bellinger.* Holt. $3.

THE APPLETON BOOK OF SHORT PLAYS. Edited by *Kenyon Nicholson.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1926-1927. By *Burns Mantle.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

PLAYS FOR THREE PLAYERS. By *Charles Rann Kennedy.* University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE IN NEW FRANCE. By *Marc Lescarbot.* Translated by Harriet Tabor Richardson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

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Economics

A HISTORY OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT. By HARRY W. LAIDLER. Crowell. 1927.

Here lies within a compact volume of 713 pages a complete exposition of all the many schools of socialism and near-socialism, their relationships and antagonisms. From Amos to Veblen, none are wanting. It is very enlightening for the general reader, and most stimulating for such schools and colleges as dare open their doors to it.

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM. By A. S. SACHS. Vanguard Press.

From time to time a new book continues to appear on Marxian or Scientific Socialism. In spite of all these former books, this short book by Mr. Sachs fills a heretofore noticeable lack in socialistic literature. Elementary in nature, limited in scope strictly to Marx's principles, and remarkably simple and clear in exposition, it will be found valuable as an introduction to the socialist movement by college students. The general reader may also find here a clear exposition of Marx's contributions, though not a critical examination of them.

Starting with an explanation of the Hegelian dialectic as the key to scientific Socialism, and with Marx's inversion of this dialectic, we are led up to the materialistic interpretation of history, the historical necessity of socialism, and the class struggle. The first chapter on Marx's relationship to Hegel and the bearing of this on Marx's historical doctrine is perhaps the best done. The first half of the book is devoted to these topics.

The remaining chapters deal largely with Marx's labor theory of value and the doctrine of surplus value. The final chapter attempts to discredit the critics of Marx within the socialist ranks (the revisionists, etc.), and to show that American industry tends to bear out Marx's predictions.

Regarding this work solely as an exposition of the Marxian ideology, it is very well done. Considered as a defense or critical examination of Marxian Socialism, as the author apparently considers it, it is weak and superficial.

THE ECONOMICS OF INSTALMENT SELLING. By *Edwin R. A. Seligman.* Harpers. $4.

POSTPONING STRIKES. By *Ben M. Selekman.* Russel Sage Foundation. $2.50.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. By *Frederick* C. *Dietz.* Holt. 85 cents.

THE COMMERCIAL REVOLUTION. 1400-1776. By *Laurence Bradford Packard.* Holt. 85 cents.

ECONOMICS AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By *P. Sargent Florence.* Norton. $1.

OUTLINES OF PUBLIC UTILITY ECONOMICS. By *Martin C. Glaeser.* Macmillan.

COMMUNISM. By *Harold J. Laski.* Holt. $1.

SOCIAL ECONOMICS. By *Friedrich von Wieser.* Translated by A. Ford Hinrichs. Greenberg.

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS, NEW AND OLD. By *Allyn A. Young.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

ON STIMULUS IN THE ECONOMIC LIFE. By *Sir Josiah Stamp.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

DESCRIPTIVE ECONOMICS. By *R. A. Lehfeldt.* Oxford. $1.

Education

ROCHESTER. By *Jesse Leonard Rosenberger.* Rochester, N. Y.: University of Rochester.

HUGO'S HOW TO AVOID INCORRECT ENGLISH. Philadelphia: McKay. $1.50.

PARENTHOOD AND THE CHARACTER TRAINING OF CHILDREN. By *Thomas Walton Galloway.* Methodist Book Concern. $1.

SYLLABUS FOR THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. By *Witt Bowden and Roy F. Nichols.* Crofts. $1.10.

INTRODUCTION TO THE READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE. By *F. S. Boas.* Oxford University Press. $1.

FINDING MY PLACE. By *Mary E. Moxey.* Abingdon. $1.50.

THE LIFE OF ROME. Translated by *H. L. Rogers* and *T. R. Harley.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

PECHEUR D'ISLANDE. By *Pierre Loti.* Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

UNDERSTANDING THE GREAT POEMS. By *Samuel Marion Lowden.* Harrisburg, Pa.: Handy Book Corporation.

Fiction

CONFLICT. By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

The sentimental novel is harmless unless it gives its readers false notions of what they can expect from life. Generally we say, "Go ahead! Read that sort of thing if you care for it." But we wonder how many pitiful women, tied to unimaginative, ineffective lumps of men, will read this "Conflict" and see the mirage of freedom. The central character of Mrs. Prouty's latest novel (she is remembered for her "Stella Dallas") finds her way out of a blind alley: an impregnable wall is broken down, a suicide conveniently eliminates an embarrassment, and a *deus ex machina* provides a lover's kiss as the final felicity. This reviewer does not believe that such interpretations of our chances for happiness are any less immoral than those interpretations that view life as if from the surface of a cesspool. Indeed, the major obscenities and the spirit of Pollyanna have much in common.

Sections of "Conflict" are good; these are invariably grim. Adolescent infatuation is mistaken for love, and we long to avert the apparently inevitable disaster. Later in the novel we see how a woman's happiness is gradually built up, only to be dramatically shattered. So much is well worth reading. But the rest runs to mediocrity and easy optimism, occasionally descending to the tricks of fiction at so much a yard.

HUBBLE BUBBLE. By MARGARET BELL. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.50.

Coming after "Revelry" and "The President's Daughter," any book dealing with the lives of those who live in the glass houses of the national capital will have to depend for drawing power upon something other than scandal, since those two works must surely hold the altitude record for some time to come in the virile art of *exposé*. "Hubble Bubble" is wisely content with much smaller game. Margaret Bell tells her story of a young congressman and his wife—on their pilgrim's progress through the social and political intrigues of Washington—in a pleasantly readable manner that depends very little for interest upon the fact that many of the characters are "real" and easily recognizable. Sylvia Wentworth, the heroine, finds the endless rounds of congressional social duties both trivial and boring, but is in herself interesting enough to keep her biography from being either. The foreign lady vampire seems, perhaps, a little overdone, but is probably drawn exactly from life! Congressman Wentworth's passage at (not in) arms with her, is amusing enough. His toboggan from "dry" to bootlegger-patron is amusingly told, too. "Hubble Bubble" is a novel written for entertainment, and is at its best in the ironical scenes where both church and state yield up their victims for Miss Bell's American holiday.

WHEN TUTT MEETS TUTT. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribner. 1927. $2.

We have long held a more favorable opinion of Mr. Train's novels than of his short stories, and the chief performer in the latter, that wily, venerable lawyer, Ephraim Tutt, who now has a sixth volume of brief tales dedicated to his humane deeds, has never evoked our enthusiasm. The first four of these five stories deal successively with Mr. Tutt's unmasking of oil boom con-men, his solution of two young lovers' difficulties, his rescue of an elderly widow from a miser's grasp, and his showing-up of the shady methods of an unscrupulous jewel firm. The last tale, a heavily comic product from which the book derives its title, presents the greater Tutt engaged in legal battles against his brother, Tutt the lesser, for the decision in a contested will case involving an eccentric millionaire's fortune.

THE KING'S PLEASURE. By ELLIS MIDDLETON. Dial. 1927. $2.

The leading villains of this fancy-dress romance are Charles II of England and his comrade in lechery, the Duke of Buckingham. The latter engineers a plot to kidnap a winsome maid, hoodwinking an innocent, sadly wronged young man, one Falconer, into accomplishing the foul deed, but is balked at the crucial moment by the gallant intervention of Mistress Nell Gwyn. Falconer, his swaggering partner, Major Sykes, and the persecuted lass have tremendous odds against them in their fight for peace, justice, and safety. But the Merry Monarch finally reveals himself as their friend and good fairy, who has had no hand in the Duke's base scheming, so all ends well for the trio of brave spirits. We have read worse yarns of this variety.

EDEN FOR ONE. By JOHN GUNTHER. Harper. 1927. $2.50.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing about Mr. Gunther's new book is the vast difference between it and his first novel, "The Red Pavilion." The long journey from Chicago to the realms of fancy has been boldly undertaken and successfully achieved. Such versatility in so young an author is decidedly promising, and though "Eden For One" may never rank high in the list of his works, we imagine that Mr. Gunther will have a special affection for this fairy tale with modern trimmings and an old moral.

The hero is that ever fascinating hypothetical case, the man whose every wish is granted as soon as it is expressed. If you have wondered whether or not happiness is obtainable under such conditions you may be interested to hear that Peter Lancelot was not on the whole happy. At first the mere creation at will of desert islands and baronial halls proved pleasant, but when the desire to create people came, Peter's power became a very mixed blessing. The fable, or "Amusment," as Mr. Gunther styles it, is generally entertaining. Only when Peter displays his somewhat arid imagination do matters slacken and fall. As compared with some of Mr. Cabell's similarly dowered heroes, for example, Peter is a tyro. True, he creates one lady who was in private life a mænad, but only one. More mænads might have made for better reading.

(*Continued on next page*)

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THE HUMAN BODY
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE QUEST OF YOUTH. by JEFFERY FARNOL. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.50.

Jeffery Farnol has written a new book! A new book, you cry, and rush at it. And then you find that after all, it is not a new book. Once, Mr. Farnol wrote a book called "The Broad Highway." It was extremely popular. And so now, every time Mr. Farnol feels the urge to write, he takes out "The Broad Highway," polishes it up; knocks off a few incidents here and there, substituting others in their place; twists its not very flexible plot into a not very different position; and with his blessing and a new name, sends it out again.

"The Quest of Youth" is one of these foster children. Again the road is the back-bone of the story. Sir Marmaduke, forty-five, bored with life, and inclined toward biliousness, takes up his gold-headed cane to tramp the road in search of youth. Under an assumed name, he rescues a beautiful Quakeress from a scoundrel, and incriminates himself in a murder of which she is suspected; although he, of course, knows that she is only trying to shield someone else. Accordingly, they set out for London, as the best place in which to lose themselves. Needless to say, they are followed, and fights ensue, in which Sir Marmaduke is always the victor. Also needless to say that he has by this time fallen violently in love with his Quakeress. They finally reach London, where—but then, you can finish it for yourself.

If you have ever read anything else of Farnol's, you will readily recognize the nobility once more posing as common folk. You will doubtless find joy in tracing the similarities between his books. But you will also find the same vigor, freshness, and swift action of style. The book reads very easily—Mr. Farnol does not bore you with long descriptions or other such literary matters, but gives something doing on every page. He is even exciting at times, if we may call exciting the adventures of pedestrianism of the eighteenth century, in comparison with the more lively dangers of pedestrianism today. It is fair enough entertainment for a few hours, but do not expect any deep significance of plot, seriousness of characterization, or brilliant writing, for you will be disappointed.

GOBLIN MARKET. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Those who like the quieter type of romance in which incident is subordinated to emotion, and emotion is held in restraint, will find in "Goblin Market" a novel to their taste. It is a touching story, the chronicle of middle age stumbling into an affection that develops into love, and of wasted youth flickering out as the breath of happiness touches it. Mr. Stacpoole writes with tenderness but without sentimentality, and his portrayal of the relationship between the staid, conventional husband who first through pity and then through a stronger feeling gives shelter and companionship to a girl of the streets, the girl herself, innocent despite the life she has led, and the wife whose humanity can meet her husband's defection with understanding and sympathy, is developed with delicate but effective strokes. His tale has a gentle distinction, and leaves a memory both pleasing and sad.

KNOCK FOUR TIMES. By MARGARET IRWIN. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.50.

Margaret Irwin's novel labors under the double handicap of a misleading title and an awkward opening device. "Knock Four Times" suggests mystery and it is fair to suppose that many of the followers after *le dernier cri* in fictional crime will be very much disappointed when they discover the real nature of the book. And to introduce a character sympathetically and minutely at the beginning of a novel only to drop him, after he has served his prologue rôle, from practically any further part in the story, is playing fast and loose with the reader's amiability. But readers who have achieved these initial hurdles will be amply rewarded by the amusing and very exuberantly written novel which follows.

It is an open secret, much more open than secret, that Miss Irwin's unheroic hero is the prototype of a certain young author and playwright who a few seasons since burst into sudden and dazzling fame as the creator of a young lady whose heart and headgear were almost equally vernal. Whether or not Basil Dictripoulyos is alive and real outside the novel is of little importance; what matters is that he is very much alive within it. Miss Irwin has given us a portrait of this playboy of the London *literati* without any photographic retouching. He is presented to the reader as he presents himself to the people in the book—an alien and an enigma. Into the vortex of this meteor-like personality are drawn the strangely assorted group who make up the personnel of "Knock Four Times." To the shabby house in Rainbow Row where "Dicky" lives they all come, snapped suddenly from old orbits into new and dizzying parabolas where, as might be expected, collisions are not infrequent. When "Dicky," the center, drops out (to meet success half-way in America) the members of this new little universe find themselves in an awkward position, with nothing to hold them to their new courses and with no going back to the old. . . . There is not a character but intrigues the interest. The interplay of personality on personality is a delight as caught and recorded in Margaret Irwin's brilliantly staccato style.

AMARILIS. By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

There has not unnaturally grown up in America within the past few years a decided opposition to the pleasant, feminine, rather spineless type of personal narrative of which "Amarilis" is a good example. The matter of such a book is generally slight, and its sole distinction lies in the author's handling of a series of small incidents and fleeting impressions. Miss Curtis has a talent for recording in her quiet homeopathic prose the beauty of a California sunset, the emotion of some bit of her life in Monterey. She has seen and felt these things, and she is able to give us her story, inconclusive love affair and all, with little excessive romantic decoration. Her perceptions are not always important, but they are at least honest. Yet it is doubtful that many people in this age will find pleasure in her modest, slightly dull book. They are more apt to agree with the tactics of her rival, a Spanish girl of superior vitality, who carries off the artist lover in summary fashion, leaving the author to soliloquize on resignation and spiritual peace. Her book is well enough in its way, but that way is somewhat anemic, lacking in both life and reality.

VENTURE. By *Max Eastman*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

THE GULF OF YEARS. By *Watson Griffin*. Toronto: Point Publishers.

THE MOSAIC EARRING. By *Columbia Boyer*. Henkle. $2.

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. Translated by *Sir Thomas Urquhart* and *Peter Motteux*. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols.

THE MUSIC MAKER. By *Muriel Edmonds*. Vinal.

DAYBREAK. By *Arthur Schnitzler*. Simon & Schuster. $1.50.

NEW WINE. By *Geoffrey Moss*. Doran. $2 net.

THE GENTLEMAN IN ARMOR. By *Robert J. Casey*. Sears. $2.

THE AFRICAN SAGA. By *Blaise Cendrars*. Payson & Clarke.

THE CRIME AT RED TOWERS. By *Chester K. Steele*. Clode. $2.

EROS, THE SLAYER. By *Aino Kallas*. Macmillan. $2.

DEPARTING WINGS. By *Faith Baldwin*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. By *E. W. Howe*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By *Ambrose Bierce*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

YVON TREMBLAY. By *Louis Arthur Cunningham*. Ottawa: Graphic Press. $2.

THE WIDECOMBE EDITION OF EDEN PHILLPOTT'S DARTMOOR NOVELS. Macmillan. 20 vols.

SILENT STORMS. By *Ernest Poole*. Macmillan. $2.50.

TRISTAN AND ISEULT. By *Joseph Bedier*. Translated by Hilaire Belloc. A. & C. Boni. $2.

JACKSON STREET. By *Anne Austin*. Greenberg. $2.50.

OUR MR. DORMER. By *R. H. Mottram*. Dial. $2.50.

ON THE KING'S COUCH. By *Octave Aubry*. Boni & Liveright.

LOVELY LADIES. By *Ferrin L. Fraser*. Sears. $2.50.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. By *Jules Verne*. Sears.

FAIR GAME. By *Olive Wadsley*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

VENTURE'S END. By *Karin Michaelis*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES. By *Willard Huntington Wright*. Scribners. $2.50.

THE REVENGE OF FANTOMAS. By *Marcel Allain*. McKay.

RED BEARD OF VIRGINIA. By *Rupert Sargent Holland*. Lippincott. $2.

WE CAN'T ALL BE BLONDES. By *Helen J. Stone*. Vinal.

SPLENDOR. By *Ben Ames Williams*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE NOVELS OF WINSTON CHURCHILL. Macmillan. 10 vols.

A BOOK OF LONG STORIES. By Eminent Authors. Selected and edited by *Arthur H. Nethercot*. Macmillan. $3.50.

JUGGLER'S KISS. By *Manuel Komroff*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

IT IS BETTER TO TELL. By *Kathleen Coyle*. Dutton. $2.50.

Juvenile

(*See Children's Bookshop, pp.* 347 *and* 360)

THE JANITOR'S CAT. By THEODORE ACLAND HARPER. Appleton. 1927. $2.

By means of the Janitor's Cat a group of children are enabled to meet some of their favorite book characters—Alice, Peter Pan, Dr. Dolittle, and others. Such attempts are apt to lack spontaneity; to be rather too mannered and made to order. This is no exception to the rule.

MRS. CUCUMBER GREEN. By MARY GRAHAM BONNER. Milton, Bradley. 1927. $1.50.

THE POPOVER FAMILY. By ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $1.75.

PANTALOON. By EDITH KEELEY STOKELY. Doran. 1927. $3.

Little girls are the heroines of this group of stories of which "Mrs. Cucumber Green" is much the most appealing, to our way of thinking. A publisher's note describes it as "the kind of story a child would write if a child could be an author" and in a sense this is true for Mary Graham Bonner has been able to keep the little story free from adult interference. The imaginings are the same definite, rambling inventions of a happy child in an old-fashioned household. Townspeople wander pleasantly in and out, and all the toys, especially a favorite doll, take on real personality. A friendly, unpretentious book with plenty of gay, colored pictures.

"The Popover Family" is the same in general type but more content with everyday doings than flights of childish fancy. The Popovers themselves were a family of makeshift dolls living in an attic, who, along with an obliging mouse, did many good turns for the small heroine. An undistinguished child's book of the realistic sort that practical little girls will always read and enjoy—more's the pity!

"Pantaloons" was a great disappointment to us. The child in the soap-bubble idea (she is supposed to sail off in one christened the "U.S.2") and a good many other of its whimsicalities seemed rather far fetched and too consciously fantastic. It has been lavishly endowed with colored pictures and is much too large and pretentious a volume for the slim thread of fancy it contains.

EMMY, NICKY AND GREG. By ALINE KILMER. Doran. 1927. $2.

This book falls between those written for children about children and those written about children for older people. Of the two it seems to belong to the latter group, though here again it falls a little short by reason of its over-sentimental attitude. The author never allows us to forget for a single page that the children are hers and that she considers them *very* exceptional. Their sayings are set down in far too much detail and with all the lisps carefully spelled out so that the reader cannot escape a single one. As it stands now the chapters seem more like entries in a mother's diary, with rather an over-supply of personal description and doting comment thrown in. It seems a pity that we could not have had an account of these children and their doings free from this sort of sentimental sugar-coating. One wishes it could somehow have turned into an American version of "The Golden Age."

THE LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE LAMB. By INEZ HOGAN. Macrae-Smith. 1927. $1.50.

Here is another book for little children in which the fantastic element has been overworked. The lamb was black on one side and white on the other; the rake, the kitchen-sink, the furnace, and the shovel all become alive and give him advice. This is all done with too much conscientious whimsy. One cannot help contrasting the beautiful simplicity and naturalness with which the same sort of thing was handled in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Some of the author's own illustrations are, however, quite gay and spirited.

THIS EARTH WE LIVE ON. By *Elizabeth W. Duval*. Stokes. $3.

THE OUT-OF-DOORS CLUB. By *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* Harpers. $1.50.

THE WONDERFUL GIFT. By *Clara McKinney Edwards*. Four Seas. $2.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By *Mark Twain*. Illustrated by *Walter Stewart*. Harpers. $2.50.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Illustrated by *Louis Rhead*. $1.75.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. By *Charles Dickens*. Illustrated by *Francis D. Bedford*. Harpers. $2.50.

JACK HORNER'S PIE. Selected and illustrated by *Lois Lenaki*. Harpers. $2.

Miscellaneous

FREE-LANCING FOR FORTY MAGAZINES. By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY. Cambridge, Mass.: The Writer Publishing Company. 1927.

One impression that Mr. Woolley's narrative makes upon us is this: it is a history of consistently hard work, of a dogged persistence that conquered all sorts of difficulties to attain free entry through the portals of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the authorship of a thousand published stories and articles. That is the sum of the success. It is fundamentally a journalistic success. Nor is such success to be despised. But Mr. Woolley's is distinctly the story of a writer made not born. The manner in which he writes today is straightforward, energetic, but without style, without (that is) the stamp of genuine personality upon it. Yet what experiences he has had, what a wealth of human material he has tackled, how admirably he has grappled life to wring from it what he wished most! A born writer with this spirit, with this opportunity for observation, with this stomach for hard work, would today be a master in creative writing, or near it.

There are a number of writers in America today like Mr. Woolley. They are dynamic, they "break through," they contribute largely to many periodicals. They have "both feet on the ground," a newssense, a graphic power moulded by newspaper-work, an ability to gather material together on short notice for articles accurate in their facts and not too profound in their implications. They are the mainstay of the magazines; and would-be writers for the magazines will do well to listen to their histories. Mr. Woolley is entirely frank about his.

> The purpose of this work is to chronicle the realism of the writing vocation, along with some of its romance; but my immediate inspiration is the arrival at a memorable mile-post in my life—a point where I can reckon at least a thousand of my published special articles and fiction stories, done for newspapers, magazines, and periodicals in general. Bulk of course gives me no claim to glory, though it may reflect my industry and the strategy I learned of getting through the editorial doors.

It does. But his has not been a vocation in the sense that it was a true "call." His is an *occupation* in which he has trained himself with extreme assiduity. He is a successful workman in that occupation. He deserves the success that crowns hard work. And there is no particular reason why such a practising writer should not occasionally create literature. The fact remains, however, that he seldom does.

The tale of Mr. Woolley's experiences has vigor and practical value. Neophytes will gain considerable knowledge from it of the rocky road to auctorial "success."

THE QUESTING COOK. By RUTH A. JEREMIAH GOTTFREID. Cambridge, Mass.: Washburn & Thomas. 1927. $3.

Mrs. Gottfried has accomplished the seemingly impossible, for she has produced a cook book that is more than a variation on the usual manual. And despite the fact that its recipes are uncommon when not unfamiliar it does not bear too heavily upon the skill of the cook or the purse of the housekeeper to make it a volume practicable for the modest household as well as the more elaborate establishment. Many of its dishes in modified form are to be had in restaurants in America and in a considerable number of homes, but whereas there they are usually found in some debased version, Mrs. Gottfried furnishes directions that should reproduce them with the full flavor of the lands of their origin.

Succulence, we should say, was the word best describing the culinary dainties which Mrs. Gottfried includes for all that they are frequently humble concoctions, and we are not sure that tables regulated on a system of calories calculated to reduce flesh had not better eschew them. But for those fortunate mortals for whom farinaceous food and gravies and cream hold no terrors the book should prove a boon. Harassed housekeepers, seeking to lend variety to their tables, will find in the recipes in use in Italian, Scandinavian, Slavic, or other foreign kitchens palatable dishes with which assembling her ingredients. Mrs. Gottfried has so arranged her directions for preparing them that the merely competent cook as well as the expert should be able to produce them without great risk of failure.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty that confronts the amateur cook is that of properly assembling her ingredients, Mrs. Gottfried has listed her instructions in such fashion that she should find it possible to have everything at hand at the proper moment instead of spoiling her dish by having one part of it cooking overlong on the stove while the rest is being prepared. Nor are

(*Continued on page* 356)

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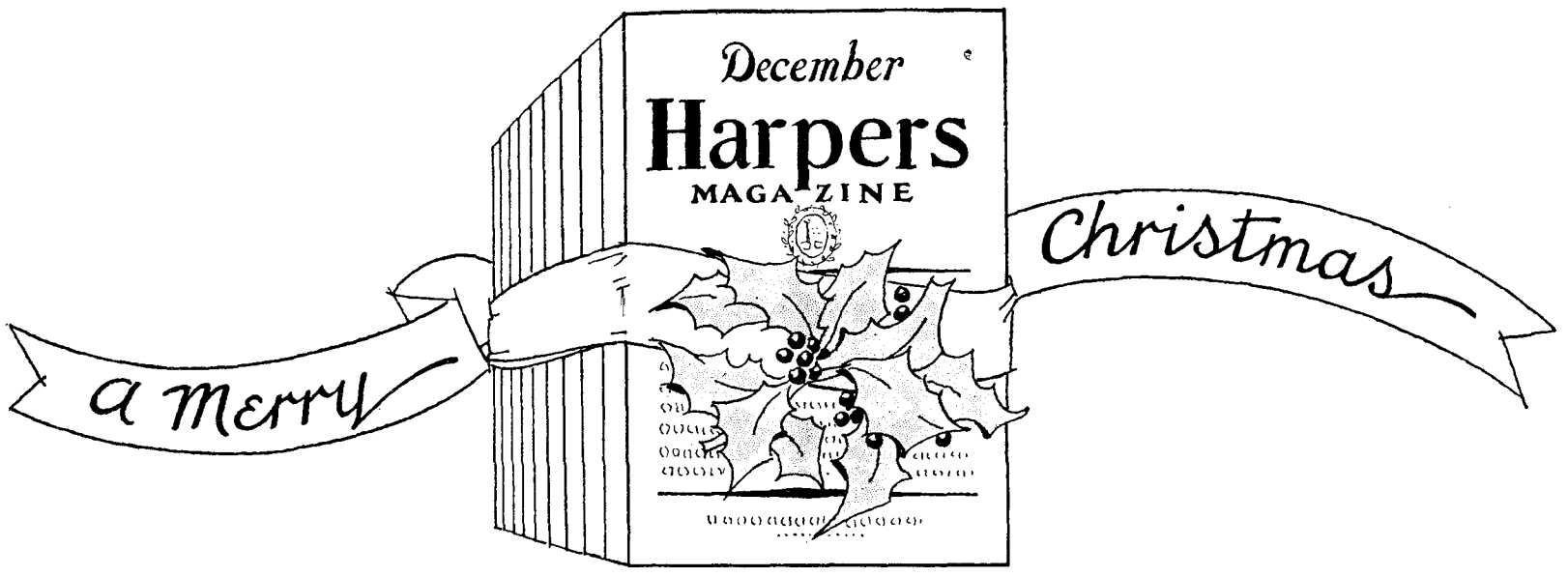

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AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON, A Critical Portrait, Sarah Comstock.

THE EXPLOSION ON THE DUQUESNE, Leland Hall.

COTTON DOLLY, A Story, Ada Jack Carver.

MICE AND MEN, Julian Huxley.

HOT COPY, A Story, M. C. Blackman.

OUR PERMANENT CRIME WAVE, Edward Hale Bierstadt.

IF WAR SHOULD COME, H. M. Tomlinson.

MEAT, A Novel, Part II, Wilbur Daniel Steele.

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DUTTON

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 354)

the ingredients difficult of purchase, or, as we said before, high in price. The greatest demands it makes are upon the time and the pains of the cook. But then, with cooking, as with nations, eternal vigilance is always the price of safety.

ROMANTIC AMERICA. By E. O. Hoppe. New York: B. Westermann Co. 1927.

If there be Americans who think their country scenically uninteresting or lacking dignity and beauty in its cities they would do well to secure this book. Mr. Hoppé has here brought together a large number of photographs of outstanding points of interest in the United States, towns and places remarkable either for association or character, and prefaced them with a chapter briefly rehearsing the outstanding phases of American territorial expansion. His graphic survey of picturesque America is an impressive one both for what it portrays and the manner of its portrayal. The photogravures that compose the book are superb and there is a wealth of them. Indeed the volume is one that anyone interested in his country might well wish to own.

The Charm of Birds. By *Viscount Grey of Fallodon.* Stokes. $3.

The Zeppelins. By *Capt. Ernst Lehmann.* Sears. $4.

The Law Relating to Authors and Publishers. By *B. Mackay Cloutman* and *Francis W. Luck.* Bowker. $3.

Days and Nights in Montmarte and the Latin Quarter. By *Ralph Nevill.* Doran. $5 net.

The Performance and Design of Direct Current Machines. By *Albert E. Clayton.* Pitman. $4.50.

Holding Companies. By *A. J. Simons.* Pitman. $3.

The Mollier Steam Tables and Diagrams. By *Richard Mollier.* Pitman. $2.25.

Madrigal and Minstrelsy Music. By *Juliet Raphael.* Illustrations by Mae Harshberger. A. & C. Boni. $3.50.

The American Songbag. By *Carl Sandburg.* Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.

The Romance of the Cotton Industry. By *L. S. Wood* and *A. Wilmore.* Oxford University Press. $2.

A Greek-English Lexicon. Compiled by *Henry George Liddell* and *Robert Scott.* Edited and revised by Henry Stuart Jones and Roderick McKenzie. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Peasants and Potters. By *Harold Peake.* Yale University Press. $2.

The Appreciation of Music. By *Roy Dickinson Welch.* Harpers. $2.

The Business of the Supreme Court. By *Felix Frankfurter* and *James M. Landis.* Macmillan. $5.

Speeches. By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Doran. $5 net.

Prohibition in Outline. By *F. Ernest Johnson* and *Harry S. Warner.* 75 cents.

The Procession to Tyburn. Edited by *William McAdoo.* Boni & Liveright. $3.

The Executive and His Control of Men. By *Enoch Burton Gowin.* Macmillan. $2.

Doug and Mary and Others. By *Allene Talmey.* Macy-Masius. $2.

Dog Stories from Punch. Illustrated by *George Morrow.* Doran. $2.50.

Buying and Selling Rare Books. By *Morris H. Briggs.* Bowker.

Across the Seven Seas. By *E. Keble Chatterton.* Lippincott. $1.75.

Old Ship Prints. By *E. Keble Chatterton.* Dodd, Mead. $15.

A Short History of Women. By *John Langdon-Davies.* Viking. $3.

Farm Youth. Proceedings of the Ninth National Country Life Conference. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Books and Bidders. By *A. S. W. Rosenbach.* Little, Brown. $5 net.

Troubles We Don't Talk About. By *J. E. Montague, M.D.* Lippincott. $2.

Weep Some More, My Lady. By *Sigmund Spaeth.* Doubleday, Page. $4.

From Grieg to Brahms. By *Daniel Gregory Mason.* Macmillan. $2.25.

The Care and Maintenance of Steam Plants. By *J. S. Braham* and *C. E. Stromeyer.* Pitman. $1.50.

The Cotton World. Compiled and edited by *John A. Todd.* Pitman. $1.50.

The Art and Craft of Cable Jointing. By *C. G. Watson.* Pitman. $1.75.

The Complete Press Photographer. By *Bell R. Bell.* Pitman. $2.50.

Cardboard Modelling. By *Louis Dixon* and *Bryan R. Browning.* Pitman. $1.50.

Motive Power Engineering. By *Henry C. Harris.* Pitman. $3.

Church Music and Musical Life in Pennsylvania in the Eighteenth Century. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Society.

Federal Health Administration in the United States. By *Robert D. Leigh.*

Fundamentals of Banking Finance and Economics. By *Charles W. Disbrow.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

Life's Sunshine. By *George H. Bruce.* Avondale Press.

Bright Ideas for Entertaining. By *Mrs. Herbert B. Linscott.* Macrae Smith.

London Tradesmen. By *Anthony Trollope.* Scribners. $4.50.

The Teeth and the Mouth. By *Leroy L. Hartman.* Appleton. $1.50.

Sunshine and Health. By *Ronald Campbell MacFie.* Holt. $1.

This Smoking World. By *A. E. Hamilton.* Century. $2.50.

The Wealth of the Sea. By *Donald K. Tressler.* Century. $4.

Some Famous Sea Fights. By *Fitzhugh Green* and *Holloway Frost.* Century. $3.50.

Browning's Parleyings. By *William Clyde De Vane, Jr.* Yale University Press. $4.

English Handwriting. Edited by *Robert Bridges.* Oxford University Press.

Citizenship Through Problems. By *James D. Edmonston* and *Arthur Dondineau.* Macmillan.

American Medicine and the People's Health. By *Harry H. Moore.* Appleton. $5.

Father Mississippi. By *Lyle Saxton.* Century. $5.

Candle Days. By *Marion Nicholl Rawson.* Century. $3.50.

Highlights of Manhattan. By *Will Irwin.* Century. $6.

Amusements Serious and Comical. By *Tom Brown.* Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Dodd, Mead. $6.

Your Weight and How to Control It. Edited by *Dr. Morris Fishbein.* Doran. $5.

The Woman of the Eighteenth Century. By *Edmond* and *Jules de Goncourt.* Minton, Balch. $5.

Peaks and People of the Adirondacks. By *Russell M. L. Carson.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

The New Humanity. By *Mirza Ahmad Sohrab.* Persian American Publishing Co., 261 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Home Making. By *Elizabeth Forrester Macdonald.* Marshall Jones. $2.

Rifts in the Universe. By *Jared Sparks Moore.* Yale University Press.

The Outline of Man's Knowledge. By *Clement Wood.* New York: Copeland.

Science and Modern Progress. By *Marshall Lloyd Dunn.* Shanghai: Edward Evans. $1.

The Human Habitat. By *Ellsworth Huntington.* Van Nostrand. $2.

Trees. By *MacGregor Skene.* Holt. $1.

Birds. By *A. L. Thompson.* Holt. $1.

The Earth and Its Rhythms. By *Charles Schuchert* and *Clara M. Le Vene.* Appleton. $4.

Poetry

Steep Ascent. By *Jean Starr Untermeyer.* Macmillan. $1.25.

Nature Lover's Knapsack. Edited by *Edwin Osgood Grover.* Crowell.

Selected Poems of Angela Morgan. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Kanaka Moon. By *Clifford Gessler.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

The Third Book of Modern Verse. By *Jessie B. Rittenhouse.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

The Centaur. By *James Sydney Johnson.* San Francisco: Windsor Press. $1.50.

The Keys of Heaven. By *Barbara Young.* Revell.

The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell. Edited by *H. M. Margoliouth.* Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $10.50.

The Horned Shepherd. By *Edgar Jepson.* Macy-Masius. $1.60.

Kanaka Moon. By *Clifford Gessler.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

The Eternal Babe. Edited by *Francis X. Talbot.* New York: America Press.

Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Inclusive Edition, 1885-1926. Doubleday, Page.

The Bright Doom. By *John Hall Wheelock.* Scribners. $2.

The Eel. By *Evan Morgan.* Brentanos. $1.50.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. By *William Blake.* Dutton. $10.

Brief Mention

THERE seems never to be a dearth of books of travel. On our shelf this sennight Italy appears as the most popular country. *Imprimis*, here is "Italy from End to End," by *H. Warner Allen.* (Dodd, Mead.) The front end-paper is an excellent map, and there is an introductory chapter on the art of traveling which tourists would do well to read. Along his road the author takes up anecdotally the Rome of the Borgias, Tuscany, the Adriatic and Umbria, the mountains and the plains, Naples and the South, and Sicily. The book is provided with a good index. E. M. Newman's "Seeing Italy" (Funk & Wagnalls, $5) is profusely illustrated with photographs having 300 half-tones. It is a larger book than the other. The narrative,

(*Continued on page* 358)

New Crowell Books for **Younger Readers**

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

I. A. J., New York, asks for books or articles on conversation.

ANYTHING that J. B. Priestley writes is worth reading and when he writes on a subject of such general interest as "Talking" one may well be glad that the volume is published here by Harper; it is one of a series on the joys of life. "Conversation," by Olive Heseltine (Methuen), is a history of "the oldest of games," beginning with the Middle Ages and tracing its mutations through the centuries one by one. The American reader who may have longed for more light on the "Souls" mentioned in Wells's "Meanwhile" (Doran) as supreme at the period when people read Stevenson's "Talk and Talkers" to improve their style of conversation, will find them described in this book's second chapter on Victorians; the author makes bright reading for us, even if she does speak of "Germany, America, and other non-English-speaking countries." "Talking Well" (Macmillan) is a book on the art of conversation by W. L. Harrington and M. G. Fulton, and there is a volume by Grenville Kleiser of "Talks on Talking" (Funk & Wagnalls). There is a pamphlet on "Table Talk in the Home," published by the Abingdon Press in its American Home Series—I wonder what effect, if any, the prevalence of restaurants is having on conversation?

And while I was in the act of wondering, the postman brought "An Essay on Conversation," by Henry W. Taft, just from the press of Macmillan, a little book strongly recommended by John H. Finley for—among other purposes—the use to which this inquirer wishes to put his list, the enlightenment of young men and women. For since the "line" has gone out to the ends of the earth, conversation does seem to be heading toward a simple exchange of *clichés*. The effect of social changes in America upon the nature and extent of our social discourse, makes one of the chapters; and the one on occasions suited to conversation is full of unexpected openings. Who would expect, for instance, that golfing would be given as one such occasion?

E. P., Washington, D. C., on behalf of a group of men readers, asks for titles of books that have no women characters, or at least where such characters are not prominent.

THESE embattled gentlemen may hold out for some time on the powerful and impressive stories by Ernest Hemingway in the volume called "Men Without Women," lately published by Scribner, and on the practically womanless "Gallions Reach," (Harper). Nor will they find, in a novel that fills the mind with deep breaths of pure and cleansing air, Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," (Knopf), more than passing interest attach to any woman. I have found, by the way, that the title of this novel has been keeping some people away from it, they should be reassured to learn that death does not come or cast its shadow till the last paragraph, and then it comes as an apotheosis. Not one in ten who looks back on Conrad's "Lord Jim" after a number of years can so much as remember a woman in it, while he will have a vivid mental picture of at least six of the men. Stevenson's few women characters are largely concessions: in "The Master of Ballantrae," for instance, there must be something to fight over. There are so many plays in which no woman appears that Little, Brown publish a large volume of them called "A Treasury of Plays for Men," and good plays they are too, while relations of men to women have nothing to do with the plot of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," and if anyone thinks this handicaps a play, let him just take a look at this one as it is now being gloriously given by Walter Hampden in this city.

But the true Adamless Eden is to be found in stories for boys. I used to wonder why cowboy novels, dealing with a kind of life I find immensely attractive, filled me with paralyzing boredom. It was not until I began to read stories of this type written for boys—such as the admirable "Cowboy Hugh" (Macmillan)—that I realized that the grown-up stories had been gummed up with girls, who in the nature of things would have been irrelevant in such surroundings. Unless, of course, one admits such company as appears in Duncan Aikman's new book, "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats" (Holt). This sparkling volume introduces Pickhandle Nan, Kitty the Schemer, and other dashing ladies of the frontier.

S. L. R., Boston, Mass., asks for a selection of books suitable for preparing holiday programs.

DODD, MEAD publish a series called "Our American Holidays," edited by Robert Haven Schauffler and covering all the important celebrations in the calendar. The latest to appear is "Armistice Day," which has not only poetry but some uncommonly good prose, and two plays not too long or difficult for school production; one is by Percival Wilde, the other by Mary Reeley, and there is a pageant by Nora Archibald Smith. "Why We Celebrate," is a set of seven short plays by Marjorie Woods for as many holidays (French), tested by actual production with groups of young people. The Christmas playlet, by the way, could be further developed if so desired, and is in reverent spirit. There are plenty of poems suitable for school use in "The Nature Lover's Knapsack," edited by Edwin Osgood Grover (Crowell), and though the book is light enough to go into a real knapsack, it could be used in more than one holiday celebration. The latest collection is "Highdays and Holidays," by Florence Adams and Elizabeth McCarrick (Dutton), an unhackneyed selection of poems short enough to be readily learned, arranged to apply not only to the standard celebrations, like those of Thanksgiving, Flag Day, or the Fourth, but also to Bird day, Mother's Day, Music Week, Roosevelt's Birthday,

CONSIDERING the flood news from Vermont, there should be a special vote of thanks from this department for the following information from Mary A. D. Thomas, of Windsor in that state, which arrived while the countryside must have been still digging out:—

I notice in this week's *Saturday Review* you ask for reports on books on archæology for children, but judging by some of the books mentioned below, I gather that "archæology" here includes ancient history, as well as historical fiction. I send you the names of some books which have been read to or by my own children.

"Buried Cities," by Fannie Hall, you have already noticed. All my children who can read at all are familiar with at least the illustrations in Layard's "Nineveh" and Tsounta's "The Mycenean Age." "The Everyday Life Series," by the Quennells (Putnam), and "History of Everyday Things in England" (Scribner), while possessing no literary merit whatever, have excellent illustrations and a great deal of information interesting to children. "The Book of the Ancient Greeks," by Dorothy Mills, is quite as good as her earlier volume, and rather better than her last, "The Book of the Ancient Romans."

"The Count of the Saxon Shore," by A. F. Church (Seeley, Service Co., London), is very popular with my older children, and we have several other books by the same author: "Stories of the East from Herodotus," and "Three Greek Children" (children of any age will love this), and Church's "Children Homer" and "The Iliad and Odyssey for Boys and Girls" are excellent too.

"Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now," by Jane Andrews (Ginn), is one of the very best books for children I know, and I enjoy it quite as much as they do. Everyone must know "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies," which I use as reading for English history. "Viking Tales," by Jennie Hall, is very good indeed and her "Men of Old Greece" is a great favorite with us. My boys' of seven and eight listen entranced to "Number Stories of Long Ago," by David Eugene Smith (Ginn), who can make even arithmetic fascinating! I have found that children of ten enjoy having selections from Pliny's Letters read aloud to them. I think most of Lanciani's book would be very interesting, too, if read aloud to quite young children, but I have not tried them. My children were delighted with Schliemann's autobiographical sketch which is printed in "Troy and Its Remains"—I don't know whether it has ever been separately printed or not. "Stories of the Stone Age," by Fellowes (Small), was much enjoyed by my small boys. We have a book, "Stories in Stone from the Roman Forums," by Isabelle Lovell (Macmillan). My oldest child read "A Friend of Cæsar" and "A Victor of Salamis," by William Stearns Davis (Macmillan), with complete absorption, when she was eleven. Any child in his 'teens would certainly enjoy them. I hope this random list may prove suggestive.

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Points of View

Henry Ward Beecher

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

My attention has recently been called to a review of a biography of Henry Ward Beecher by Paxton Hibben in the *Saturday Review*. In this book Mr. Beecher is represented as a coward, a hypocrite, and a libertine, reversing the verdict of the eight other biographers and the opinions of such men as Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Gladstone, and hundreds of other noted citizens.

In behalf of the descendants of Henry Ward Beecher and of thousands of his friends I hope you will allow me here to state briefly what seems to me to be the inherent vice of this book.

A biographer who is worthy of the name must set forth the facts in regard to the subject of his book fairly and fully. He must neither manufacture, suppress, nor misstate the evidence. The sources which Mr. Hibben draws upon for his book include the *National Police Gazette*, extracts from the yellow journals of the seventies, and anonymous pamphlets and posters. They include the evidence and statements of Beecher's political and personal enemies and exclude the opinions and the testimony of his friends. By such methods it would be perfectly possible to write a biography depicting George Washington or Abraham Lincoln as men of bad character and little worth, as Mr. Hibben has done with Mr. Beecher. Robert Ingersoll, the noted atheist, is quoted as an authority upon Mr. Beecher's life and surroundings.

In 1870 Mr. Beecher was accused of adultery. At his request the charges were examined by a committee appointed by Plymouth Church and he was exonerated. His accuser then started a suit in the civil courts. After a trial which lasted six months he failed to obtain a verdict, the the trial standing nine to three in favor of Mr. Beecher. As a result of the trial his accusers, Tilton and Moulton, were discredited and execrated as self-confessed liars and blackmailers. Their chief counsel became convinced of Mr. Beecher's innocence, as he afterwards stated, and the judges who presided at the trial afterwards joined in a resolution expressing confidence in Mr. Beecher's purity and integrity.

A year after the trial the largest council of Congregational churches ever called in America met, comprising two hundred and forty-four delegates from all over the United States, including prominent judges, lawyers, and laymen. They investigated the charges and cross-examined Mr. Beecher most searchingly and unanimously found him to be innocent of any wrong-doing.

Mr. Hibben fails to give any details of the defense of Mr. Beecher which had convinced three tribunals of his innocence or even to mention the findings of the council of Congregational churches. In his book Mr. Hibben states that Mr. Beecher received a fifteen thousand dollar stock bribe from Jay Cooke to boom the Northern Pacific Railroad in the columns of the *Christian Union* of which Mr. Beecher was editor. He offers as authority Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's biography of Jay Cooke. No such statement appears in the biography and at the time mentioned Mr. Beecher was not the editor of the *Christian Union*. This statement has already been denounced as a falsehood in the columns of the *Outlook*, the successor to the *Christian Union*. So far I have not heard that Mr. Hibben has made any reply to this accusation.

Mr. Hibben cites my sister, Miss Annie Beecher Scoville, as furnishing him aid in his attempt to defame her grandfather. Miss Scoville authorizes me to contradict this and to say that the only "aid" she ever gave Mr. Hibben was to give the correct date of a photograph of the Beecher family, which for reasons of his own he afterwards inserted in the biography as of a date fourteen years earlier.

I lack space to call attention to Mr. Hibben's other misstatements of fact and suppression of evidence. They occur upon every page of his book. I lack space also to show how every incident in the life of Henry Ward Beecher contradicts Mr. Hibben's theory that he was a truckler, an opportunist, and a coward. The man who faced and killed a mad dog, who dared and convinced roaring mobs in England and kept Great Britain neutral during the Civil War, who regarded his popularity and his reputation as of no account when his principles were involved, as when he brought down upon himself a storm of obloquy by advocating the return of the Southern States and amnesty to the Southern leaders—such a man was no coward.

I quarrel with no man for his opinions as to the motives and character of men of the past. I repeat, however, that a man who would write a biography owes a duty to himself and to the public to be fair and honest.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

A Psalm of "Lives"

(*With apologies to Longfellow*)

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

They tell us now in mystic numbers
  Life is all a Freudian dream,
Nor the soul is safe that slumbers,
  Things are worse than what they seem.

Life is sex, in life thou burnest,
  In the grave a smouldering coal,
Lust thou art, to lust returnest
  They are writing of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
  Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
  Find us coarser than today.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
  And no matter how we look
Still our secret sins are beating
  Records for a beastlier book.

For the publisher's wide battle,
  For this barbecue of "Lives,"
Be not like clean peaceful cattle,
  Be a Bluebeard rich in wives.

Trust the future's tales unpleasant,
  Let no past respect its dead,
Act, act in the living present
  For biographers ahead.

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives unclean,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Data for more "Lives" obscene.

Stories that perhaps another
  Tired of misbehavior vain,
A blasé and wearied brother,
  Reading, may begin again.

Let us then be up and doing,
  With a heart for any shame,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to live for long ill-fame.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Norwich Town, Conn.

Brief Mention

(*Continued from page 356*)

though informal, is stuffed with interesting facts. Mr. Newman is noted as a traveling lecturer. Both end-papers of the book show the same map. This narrative starts at Naples, goes on to Capri and Sicily, and thence to Rome. The Etruscan hill towns are taken up next, then Florence, Bologna, Verona, Padua, Venice, the Italian lakes, Milan, Genoa, and Turin,—and a final chapter entitled "For the Traveler's Comfort" contains many useful hints. "Through the Heel of Italy," by *Katharine Hooker* (New York: Rae D. Henkle Co., Inc. $5) is more artistically printed and illustrated but naturally covers less territory. The duplicate endpaper map (of only a portion of the peninsula) is beautifully drawn. For those who wish to learn of special travel through Apulia and Basilicata this volume will have value. *Clara E. Laughlin* has given us heretofore "So You're Going to England!," "So You're Going to Paris!," "So You're Going to Italy!" and the latest volume in her series is called "So You're Going to France!" (Houghton Mifflin. $3). One of her twenty rules for foreign travel is "Proper preparation trebles the value of travel, and certainly doesn't spoil any of the pleasure." Another is, "Don't try to fit yourself to a ready-made itinerary." Miss Laughlin is director of the Clara Laughlin Travel Services, and knows whereof she speaks. Her book is small and compact and briskly and informatively written. Farther afield goes *R. V. C. Bodley's* "Algeria from Within" (Bobbs-Merrill. $4). Mr. Bodley has not only been a traveler but a business man in Algiers and a sheep-breeder on the Sahara. For years he has had more than a mere tourist's interest in the country of which he writes. Consequently his chapters reflect deep experience. You get the intimate life of the country. Or—you can take a trip to the lost world of the Dutch East Indies, in "Dragon Lizards of Komodo," by *W. Douglas Burden* (Putnam). Putnam books of exploration are always up to standard. Mr. Burden was after the giant carnivorous lizards which are the descendants of a species existing in Eocene times, more than sixty million years ago. His is an exciting narrative. Semi-mythical monsters amid most beautiful and romantic scenery! He writes well and vividly. And speaking of animals, even if they're dragons, if you turn to "Children of Swamp and Wood," by *Archibald Rutledge* (Doubleday, Page. $2.50), you will find—no, not dragons—but another of the books of the South Carolina nature school which is pleasing, interesting, and well-written. These are sketches of wild life on run-back plantations, not short stories, but more than mere descriptions, of foxes, wood-ducks, otter, raccoon, owls, wild-cats, alligators, and frogs. Or, if you prefer home travel in a more northerly and extremely accessible part of your own country, how about "Peaks and People of the Adirondacks," by *Russell M. L. Carson* (Doubleday, Page. $2.50)? It is endorsed by *Frank S. Hackett*, former president of the Adirondack Mountain Club. It has endpaper maps and good illustrations by Kates. Saddleback, the Gothics, Marcy, Hopkins Hump, Haystack and many others are all covered adequately. Or, would you travel southwest into Texas? You will find much rich old-time material about the state in "Texas and Southwestern Lore," edited by *J. Frank Dobie* (Austin, Texas: Texas Folk-Lore Society. $2.50). Old ballads and songs, tales and rhymes, are the raisins in this cake.

There are all sorts of reasons for travel, and one of the most cogent is the artist's. *Donald Maxwell's* notebook and palette have received impressions in Mesopotania, India, Italy, and France. He can not only paint places but discuss them with charm. The George H. Doran Company has brought out his "Excursions in Colour" in most attractive format. The color reproductions are exquisite. And as for England, his native land, his pictures of Ilfracombe and Tintagil are haunting. In "Candle Days," by *Marion Nicholl Rawson* (Century. $3.50), the story of the early arts and implements of America is attractively told, with excellent illustrations. In "Dickens Days in Boston," by *Edward F. Payne* (Houghton Mifflin. $5), there is a record of daily events of the two visits of Charles Dickens to the Hub, by the president of the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. The book is interestingly illustrated.

There are three ways to travel in the present day: by sea, by land, by air. And it might be as well to know the whole truth about the ocean before one goes forth on its waves. *Donald K. Tressler*, in "The *Wealth of the Sea*" (Century. $4), has made a thorough study of all its products, a survey of our commercial exploitation of its treasures. Iodine, edible seaweed, coral, pearls, fishes, sea-food in general and in particular, whales and sponges: these are a few particulars of his discourse. And as a pendant to his book one might look into *Fitzhugh Green's* and *Holloway Frost's* "Some Famous Sea Fights" (Century. $3.50), an historical volume that discusses Salamis, Svold, the Spanish Armada, Gibraltar, the Nile, Mobile Bay, the Sea of Japan, and the battle of Jutland. It is illustrated fully, and there are maps of the seafights. As for the land: land travel is extremely interestingly covered in "Historic Railroads," by *Rupert Sargent Holland*, who has previously written, in a uniform volume, "Historic Ships." His publishers are the Macrae-Smith Company of Philadelphia. He starts with old coaching days in England, describes the earliest development of the steam railway, and continues down to a discussion of modern railroads in Asia, Africa, and the far East. This large handsome volume has many line drawings, photographs, and beautiful color illustrations. The romance of America's own railroad development is fully covered. And so to the air, and to *Lowell Thomas's* "European Skyways," by the author of "With Lawrence in Arabia." It is published by Houghton Mifflin at five dollars. It has endpaper maps, is illustrated with photographs, and is really the story of aviation from the days of the pioneers to the recent transatlantic and transpacific flights. It is penned for the true-story-of-adventure lover. It is full of tales of personal adventures on the European airways.

This Week We Present

AMERICANA

in

several parts

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, this week, has assembled a particularly interesting list of articles on America and Americans. Articles that exemplify the real and original meaning of that much used word *Americana*.

Dr. Canby's essay on Henry Thoreau, Esquire, of Concord, Massachusetts, is an illuminating discussion of the qualities in his work that make for veneration of that wise philosopher and anchorite even while denying him popularity.

Gorham Munson's review of "The American Caravan" is an able analysis of this first year book of American Literature, a symposium that has excited the widest interest amongst students and observers of the American scene.

M. A. de Wolfe Howe reviews "The Diary of Henry Hitchcock," a book which throws new light on the destruction and devastation wrought by General William Tecumseh Sherman on his famous march to the sea.

Other reviews bearing upon recent American history and personalities are those of Henry Collins Brown's "In the Gay Nineties," a lively compendium of the manners and customs of the New York of the late nineteenth century, and of "JAMES STILLMAN, Portrait of a Banker," a biography that makes live again the period from 1850 to 1918 and the men who guided the nation's finance through panic and prosperity.

And Next Week

The CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

Out Dec. 3rd

which will contain a wealth of reviews and articles by some of the leading men of letters in America and abroad. We mention below a few of the contributors to whet your interest in the number:

JOHN GALSWORTHY
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
THOMAS BEER
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
F. P. A.
CARL SANDBURG
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Nonesuch Books

WE can say of a few presses that their work, taken as a whole, from year to year, serves admirably as models of book making; meaning that in the technical excellence of printing their books set a standard below which none should fall. Of such houses are the Merrymount Press and the Oxford University Press. To these, were it not for certain reservations engendered by a kind of sprawling typography (seen in such a book as the "Life and Adventures of Peter Pumpkin"), one would add the Nonesuch Press. Several recent books from that source are much to the point. There is, for instance, "The Poetry and Prose of William Blake," a good stout twelvemo of some eleven hundred pages. Such a volume calls for thin paper, but one perhaps needs to cultivate a taste for India paper, which is the only disfigurement of this volume. It is clearly and admirably printed, and the title-page is one of the best we have recently seen—a very nice one indeed. Blake being very much to the fore, there is a "Life" by Mona Wilson. Here the title-page—a typical Nonesuch Press one—is not so happy, though it does achieve virility without coarseness. Like many contemporary English books, it is set in Baskerville type, quite the best everyday book type of recent years. The "Pencil Drawings of William Blake," a large quarto, actually printed at the Chiswick Press, must be judged on the score of the plates, reproduced in collotype. The plates are very good: the typography does not seem quite so successful.

But of all the recent Nonesuch books we like best the reprint of the Bodleian MS. of George Herbert's "The Temple." This is a distinguished piece of printing. The title page is an admirable bit of stylistic printing, within a border of typographic units. The text is set in an exquisite seventeenth century face of type from a German foundry, attributed to a Dutch punch-cutter, Anton Janson. The pages are enclosed in red lines, and the presswork is excellent. The paper is a soft but somewhat archaic sheet, and the book opens perfectly. The binding, however, will attract the most attention, being of tapestry with the title on the shelf-back woven in, the letters and the pattern appearing in red on a neutral warp. It is a handsome book—a finely conceived and well executed piece of printing.

Another Blake item comes to us from Holt—"The Book of Job," with reproductions of the British Museum originals. The plates are very well done by Whittingham & Griggs. As a piece of fine—and by that meaning appropriate and comely—printing the book leaves much to be desired. The type is that excellent "Poliphilus" reconstructed from Aldus's Hypnerotomachia: but there apparently was no thought given to its fittingness to the delicate lines of the plates. And the title page and colophon pages are set in an unnecessarily bizarre style, while the book is printed the wrong way of the grain and chain-lines in the paper.

❧ ❧

"The Advertising Conference," a skit which first appeared in the Chicago *Tribune*, has been put in book form and issued in exuberant format by the Holiday Press. This private press is one of the diversions of Mr. W. A. Kittredge and some of his co-workers at the R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. printing-house in Chicago. The present work is amply illustrated and is limited to 175 copies.

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"Candide," by Voltaire, in an edition of 1,300 copies, signed by Rockwell Kent, who also illustrates the book. The typography is by the Pynson Printers, in a new Roman face designed by Lucian Bernard.

❧ ❧

From the house of Les Arts et le Livre in Paris comes a tantalizing little book by M. Henri Alibaux on "Les Premières Papeteries Françaises," with a map showing the fourteen localities where paper is known to have been made between the years 1200 and 1400. A mass of documented evidence, leading nowhere with any certainty, would not have won a mention on this page, from the hands of anyone but a Frenchman. It is one of those books that give pleasure by the skill with which the material is presenteed, whether the subject interests or not.

Books as Art

NEWS is news, and when it is really significant it must be served.

Recently this column registered a plea for less writing about Mr. Bruce Rogers, and now, before that paper is in the mail, comes a piece of news which concerns him, that cannot be ignored. A Professor of the Fine Arts, who is also a Director of a museum with a reputation for severity of taste and for being particular about what is "fine" and what is "Art," has given a collection of books printed by Rogers to a great University, as a memorial to the man who, more than any other American, stands for culture in the purest and highest meaning of that word. On November 16, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Eliot Norton, Professor Paul J. Sachs placed on the Harvard shelves, as his personal tribute to Norton's memory, this collection of 160 volumes notable for the way in which they are printed.

There has never been so convincing or so gratifying a recognition of the right of printing to consideration as an art. Norton inspired a generation of college students with a desire for cultural things, but he also drove home to them the realization that nothing meretricious, nothing that compromised with absolute standards, can be tolerated in matters of spiritual importance. Herein lies the real significance of Professor Sachs's gift. It is not that he has selected the work of one particular—very particular—printer and dignified him as an artist, but that the art of fine bookmaking has been recognized publicly as one of the Fine Arts.

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Write for Illustrated Catalog of Putnam Books for Fall

THE PHOENIX NEST

NOW we know of what it has reminded us! There is an excellent up-to-date bookstore on lower Fifth Avenue that we often haunt. Down in its basement (as *Don Marquis* once put it, "underneath the city") it has a swell second-hand and rare book department. The name of this firm has always, somehow, seemed lyrical to us. And probably many people have heretofore been struck by the same reminiscence, and have chanted it softly to themselves; but only this morning did it come to *us*. The reason for the lyricism resides, of course, in the fact that the firm-name recalls *John Hay's* "Jim Bludso:"

With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, dauber and pine.

. . . . *William Edwin Rudge*, the fine printer, of 475 Fifth Avenue, has published a little gem of a book. It is the commonplace book of *Horace Walpole*, containing anecdotes of Art, Men, Women, and Manners. It is the first of a series of three replicas. The tiny book is enclosed by, and inset in a larger case, neatly lettered. The exact facsimile of the original *ms.* is followed by a printed copy and the original "Advertisement." The period covered is 1780-83. The price is fifteen dollars. The jottings are variously amusing. . . .

In connection with *Edwin Arlington Robinson's* "Tristan," which has lately proved such a sensation as a poem, it is interesting to compare with it *John Masefield's* version of the same story done in dramatic form and brought out here by Macmillan. Masefield calls his play "Tristram and Isolt." A special edition of his fine Spanish Armada poem, "Philip the King," with its flavor of *Michael Drayton*, is also now available. We have always had a special fondness for Philip. The special edition is autographed by Masefield and sells for twelve-fifty, while the edition lasts. . . .

Harper & Brothers will be glad to consider for possible purchase single copies of any book issued under their imprint prior to 1870. Anyone owning such volumes and desiring to dispose of them should address Book Editorial Department, Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, sending full details as to title, date of issue, and condition of each volume. . . .

Again we receive the *Laughing Horse*, *Willard Johnson*, editor, from Taos, New Mexico. Woodblocks from which the cover and the endpiece are printed are by *Howard Cook*. The editor himself has set up and printed this issue of Laughing Horse, "by hand." *Witter Bynner* and *Mary Austin* are among his contributors. So is *Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant*. And *Mary Hunter* reviews as "Two Southwestern Novels," *Willa Cather's* "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and *Harvey Fergusson's* "Wolf Song." . . .

Louis Golding, author of "The Miracle Boy," is now in this country, and so is *Douglas Goldring*. And both are finding themselves startlingly waylaid as the authors of each other's books. New York appreciators take notice. Mr. Golding is no more Mr. Goldring than is Mr. Goldring Mr. Golding. And, believe us, authors are sensitive! . . .

"Status Rerum" is a manifesto by *James Stevens* of Washington and *H. L. Davis* of Oregon, which has been "privately printed for the craft" (The Dalles, Ore., Box 512. 25 cents), and lights into the present condition of literature in the Northwest in slashing fashion. Hot stuff! . . .

The Figure in the Carpet: A Magazine of Prose is the magazine that was recently announced by the New School for Social Research. Its contents are the work of registrants in Mr. *Gorham B. Munson's* course of lectures, at the New School, on "Style and Form in American Prose." The magazine is edited by *Hansell Baugh*, *Elva de Pue*, and *William Troy*. In the first issue there is fiction by *Waldo Frank* and a sketch on contemporary economics and conscientious authorship by *Alfred Kreymborg*. Mr. Munson himself outlines some psychological "Possibilities for Readers" in an article dealing with style as a form of behavior. . . .

Sylvia Satan sends us the following poem:

LOOMS

With delicate fear
I look upon the trees of wintering year
Seeing black bough and latticed twig, divest
Of leafage, pluck the gold from out the West.

Reduced to bareness now
Thinned branch and waving symmetry of bough
Weave in their interspaces crystal bright
Ovals of blue; oblong of amber light.

With delicate dread I lose myself in these
Quivering quiescences of winter trees,
Seeing how, secret in their fragile stress,
They grasp at stars for bloom on barrenness.

The Young Writers' Groups of the Community Church at 12 Park Avenue are of interest. These are classes which you can attend for certain sums. They began on October 17th and will run for fifteen weeks, except for the Long Prose Unit which runs a year and covers the novel, play, and feature film. The other units are the Short Prose Unit, covering the short-story, short film, and one-act play, writing for Children, The Timely Article, and the Production of Good Reading, covering the general points of technique and the markets for writing. Entrance to these classes will be accepted at any time, and you should address *Gertrude Brevoort Tucker*, the Director, at 12 Park Avenue, The Community Church. . . .

Miss Elizabeth Marbury is presenting *Agna Enters* in her "Episodes," compositions in dance form. Seats are on sale at the Plymouth Theatre, 236 West Forty-fifth Street. You can also secure them by mail from *Mrs. Charles Hopper*, 222 West Fifty-ninth St. Miss Enters has received encomia from such acute minds as those of *Paul Rosenfeld*, *Glenway Wescott*, and *Stark Young*. . . .

The "Carthaginian" of the Dido Cave keeps on with his or her column, and we have now received Vol. I. No. 5, shot like an arrow into the air. In this she says in part:

> And why are goldfish so really exciting? Are all aquatics? And all sequinned, silvered —(supply synonym for *fish*)? And all waters that pool themselves, and greenly, whitely, bluely lie in caves and caverns? And all marmoreal deeps? And all mossed shallows and down-dropping mists? (Tivoli d'Este). And all drenched slabs of slanting granite, and all downpouring shafts and showering columns, and all brown dusty deeps? (Woodstock, N. Y.) . . . Dusty? dusty? Where have we heard that word before? . . . Sorry. We really didn't intend to do a Lehmann. . . .

We haven't the slightest idea what the Carthaginian is about, nor, we suspect, has the Carthaginian,—but we like such writing as the above. . . .

A most exhilarating item is referred to by *Peter Davies*, the London publisher, in his catalogue from 30 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. In another part of this issue a reduced page from the book referred to is reproduced. The explanation is this,—and to our mind it was a beautiful idea:

> Poking fun at the Victorians, (explains Mr. Davies), is possibly rather *vieux jeu* nowadays; but the typically Victorian woodcut illustrations which *R. D.* has abstracted from forgotten novels and magazines of the day are for the most part so irresistibly and unintentionally comic in themselves, that it is almost impossible to make them any funnier by putting them in the pillory. R. D., however, has succeeded in doing so: he has made each the subject of a witty Limerick, in which the artist's intentions are very far from being respected. Scenes designed to illustrate pathos, tragedy, and the thrill of passion are hilariously travestied; dashing, bewhiskered gentlemen, and incredibly ladylike young persons in chignons, bustles, and crinolines—"Less Eminent Victorians" of either sex—are mercilessly saddled with broad comedy parts, and forced to play them on every page. There is a small *édition de luxe* of "Less Eminent Victorians" on rag paper, appropriately bound after a fashion of the period, in bevelled boards covered in orange cloth, stamped with an actual binding stamp of circa 1865, and with electric blue end-papers and gilt edges.

We advise everyone to get a copy of "Less Eminent Victorians" *at once*, if not sooner! . . .

So saying, we drop our theorbo.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of* SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

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Some months ago *The Inner Sanctum* suggested to CARL DICKEY, editor of *The World's Work*, that he ask eminent persons in all ranges of American life, excluding only professional critics, to state frankly what books they were reading—and why. Thus originated a fascinating and spirited innovation in book reviewing. And yet the idea is haunting and embarrassing *The Inner Sanctum*, for it seems to be working out like a Machiavellian publicity stratagem for SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

The October roll-call, for example, reveals five out of ten notables reading *The Story of Philosophy*—and in most cases featuring it first. Note the range of interests represented:

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY
BERNARD M. BARUCH, *financier*
DR. F. P. KEPPEL, *President of the Carnegie Corporation*
PRESIDENT MAX MASON, *of the University of Chicago*
MAJOR GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN

For years we have been trying to find out what kind of automobile HENRY FORD drives, what species of delicatessen MR. HEINZ privately fancies, and what a great big librarian really reads for his intimate exhilaration after a hard day in the bookstalls. Thanks to *The World's Work* one boyhood craving is now appeased, for we are informed that CHARLES MOORE, acting chief of the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress, is now enjoying the salty stingo of *Trader Horn*. "It is a trump," he announces, "I shall miss none of *Trader Horn's* forthcoming philosophy."

While confessions are in order, *The Inner Sanctum* breaks down and owns up to reading this week:

The Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell
My Life in Advertising, *by* CLAUDE C. HOPKINS
Studies in Trees, *by* J. J. LEVISON
The Martyrdom of Man, *by* WINWOOD READE
Daybreak, *by* ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

This was a particularly turbulent and thrilling day for *The Inner Sanctum:* in a few minutes we placed printing orders for 55,000 books, including:

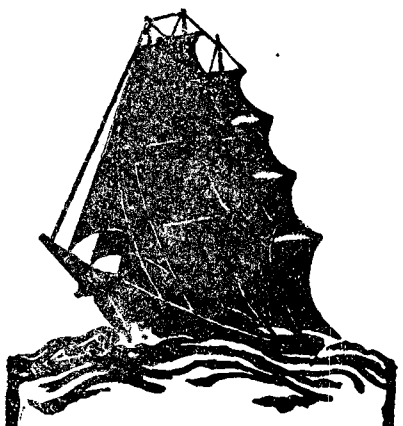
20,000 more *Trader Horn*
18,000 more *Story of Philosophy*
10,000 more *Transition*
5,000 more *Cross Word Puzzle Book No. 8*

Printings on *The Story of Philosophy* now total 200,000 copies.

For *Trader Horn* the figure is now 92,000 copies.

The advance sale of SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF'S forthcoming BEETHOVEN biography, *Eroica*, is coming along staunchly, but it took a sudden spurt this week when an astigmatic middle western dealer thought he detected a "t" in the middle of the title.

—ESSANDESS



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Christmas Number

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THE AMERICAN SONGBAG *Reviewed by* F. P. A.

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ADAM AND EVE *Reviewed by* LEONARD BACON

FRONTIER BALLADS *Reviewed by* CARL SANDBURG

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VOLUME IV New York, *Saturday, December* 3, 1927 NUMBER 19

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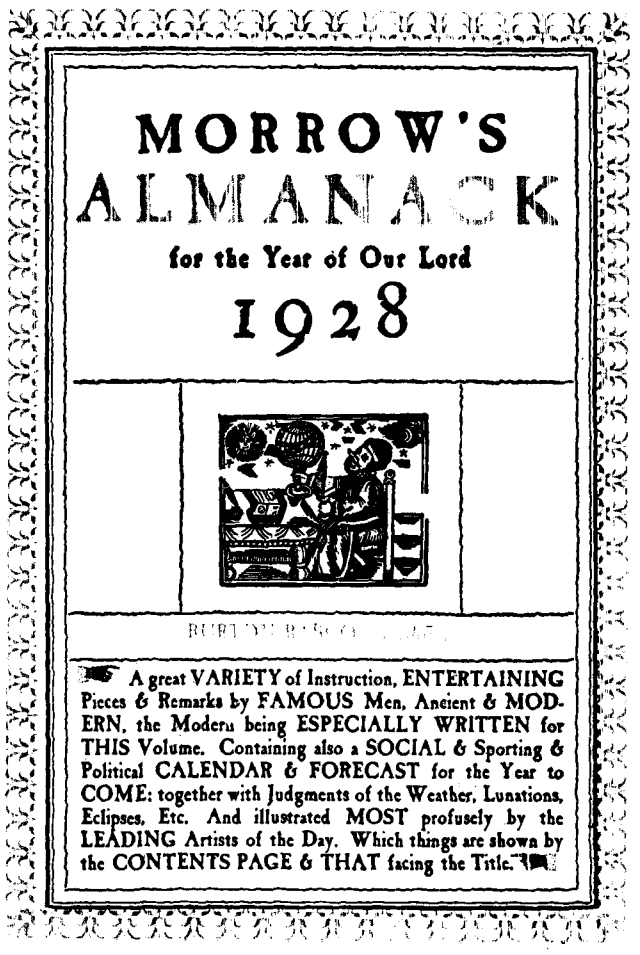
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